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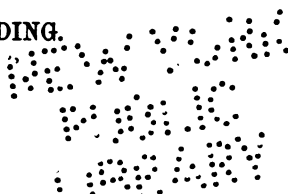
SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE:

A JOURNAL

OF

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION

FOR GENERAL READING.



With Elegant Wood Engravings.

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MAY 1846 TO OCTOBER 1846.

LONDON:
T. B. SHARPE,
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MDCCCXLVI.

P R E F A C E.

A large circle of readers will be gratified to hear that the author of "Frank Fairlegh" has undertaken to furnish, for the forthcoming Volume, a continuation of the adventures of that general favourite. The series of beautiful and affecting sketches, bearing the title of "The Maiden Aunt," is also to be continued in the Volume. And the other papers which are either prepared, or in preparation, will, we think we can promise, not merely sustain the character of the Magazine up to the point it has already reached, but also show that we have not been inattentive to, or unwilling to profit by, the criticisms and suggestions of a public whom we have hitherto found so favourable and indulgent.

While on this subject, let us return our respectful thanks for a great variety of interesting and able communications and contributions, which we have found it altogether impossible to acknowledge separately. The necessity under which we have been placed of declining to avail ourselves of a great number of these, has been frequently a cause of deep regret to ourselves. It has been, indeed, a necessity, arising, in a considerable proportion of cases, not from our having formed an unfavourable opinion of the literary merits of the offered contributions, or even of their suitability for this Magazine, but simply from the physical impossibility of including more than a limited quantity of letter-press within our weekly sixteen pages. In order to prevent, for the future, as far as lies in our power, any persons from subjecting themselves unnecessarily to the risk of disappointment, we beg now to announce that our arrangements for the regular supply of such papers as we require are completed, and that, therefore, we do not solicit contributions from the writing public generally. Such as may continue to be sent will be respectfully received; as carefully read as may be consistent with our other arrangements; and replied to without any unnecessary delay. But the authors of such papers will be so good as keep in view, that, without at all fettering our freedom of choice, we must, *cæteris paribus*, give a preference to those upon whom we can rely for our regular supply of such papers as we need, and that we cannot, in common fairness, suffer them to be elbowed aside by casual contributions, except when these are of such manifest excellence, as that their rejection or postponement would be a positive injustice to the Magazine.

After this intimation, which we trust will be received in the spirit in which it is given, it is only reasonable that we should request to be allowed our own time in replying to *unsolicited* communications. Those only who have had experience of similar publications can form any idea, how serious an encroachment upon the time of both Editor and Publisher is occasioned by having to examine and reply to communications of no value whatever to the Magazine. We shall treat no person with intentional discourtesy; but, as we do not ask for contributions, those who voluntarily send any, must feel that they can have no right to complain, if we postpone the consideration of them to such matters as have a more legitimate claim upon our attention. Importunate urgency, such as we have sometimes been subjected to, will undoubtedly succeed in extracting a reply from us out of the regular course; but it is as well that those who may be disposed to have recourse to it should be aware, that the answer in that case is always of one kind—the rejection of the paper offered.

LONDON, October, 1846.

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The Cottage Home.

(See page 15.)



GLIMPSES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

KATHARINE PENFOLD.

A most intricate lane is Bower Lane, branching out into a multitude of bridleways, and (so to speak) lanelets, leading to isolated farms, cavernous gravel pits, and reedy pools,—a rugged tortuous lane winding through orchard grounds, and hop gardens, and slopes of pasture land,—now dipping into sombre hollows roofed by the meeting boughs of overhanging trees, now climbing to the top of pleasant knolls, from which you catch a glimpse of glistening waters creeping through the valley at your feet, and then piercing the very centre of the Farleigh woods, and leading you among the richest sylvan scenes, so wild, so seemingly remote from every sound of human life, that one almost looks to meet within its leafy precincts the fauns and nymphs and hamadryads of antique song.

Midway between the woods and L—, nighed in a lordly group of elms, that, sweeping in a semicircle round the rear, form a glorious framework for the cottage and its sloping plot of garden-ground, stands Bower Court, the fragmentary relic of a noble house. Fragmentary indeed it is, as though the architect had been a "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," gathering from the wreck of a majestic old mansion a picturesque and motley salvage; now laying hands upon a portion of the cloistered colonnade, and now appropriating entire a very jewel of a porch, nor scrupling for a moment to avail himself of quaint old gable ends, carved window frames, fantastic coigns, and such other waifs and strays as fell within his reach. And, when he had combined all these, and when "boon nature" had beneficently hung a tapestry of shining ivy-leaves above the jutting porch, and gentle hands had trained some flowering parasites to weave a lavish net-work for the southern front; and when the summer sunshine shone upon its walls, and birds were carolling in the elms behind, and bees were humming in and out of the garden flowers, and "the murmur of a hidden brook," stealing along beneath dense hedge-rows, made happy music to the ear, you may believe that, to the eyes of such poor book-worms as ourselves, the Court appeared the very hermitage a literary eremite would choose to wear away his summer hours in.

Swallows delight to make it their abode, and never do we pass it by but these exquisite lines recur to mind:—

"The temple-haunting martlet does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woefully here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate."

For many a year the Court enjoyed the reputation of a haunted house. Children would speak of it with 'bated breath; and elder folks, belated in their evening walk, would hurry past it with averted eyes, and tremble if they heard the ivy rustle round the porch. And haunted most assuredly it is, (though happily, in the popular belief, the sprites have long ago been laid to rest,) by a spirit delicate as Ariel, gentle as the "lady wedded to the Moor," and, more than this, imbued with all the earnest love and filial tenderness of a Cordelia. A warm eulogium, and yet not undeserved; as you yourself would honestly confess upon acquaintance with its object. Knowing her, you could not fail to love her; and, loving her, you would be sure to superadd a feeling almost reverential for her devoted affection to the blind old man, her father, who depends for his support in part on her exertions as a daily governess, in part upon the slender stipend he receives as organist at L—.

In the whole range of our acquaintance, we do not know of two such delightful associates as our organist

and his pretty daughter. The old man so full of anecdote; so sprightly in his wit; so copious, and withal so justly discriminating, in his criticisms upon our literature, with whose rich Katharine's reading has familiarized him; so shrewd, and often times so happy, in his judgment of individual character—a judgment built upon no better basis than the inflexions of the voice; so cheerful in the deprivation of his sight; so enthusiastic in his passion for "solemn sounds, sweet airs," and "old, old songs, the native music of the hills;" and so eager and thankful a listener to the comments of others upon the fine arts—painting and statuary more especially—and the beauty of the visible world, to him, alas! "banned and barred, forbidden fare." And Kate—silver-tongued and soft-eyed Kate,—Kate with the lyric voice and cunning hand,—where should we look to find so pleasant a companion for the winter fire-side, or the summer ramble, as the fair daughter of our blind old organist? Yet Katharine Penfold, with all her manifold and manifold attractions and accomplishments, is a confirmed and steadfast spinster. Offers she has had by the dozen, and, unexceptionable as many of them have been, she has uniformly met them with a courteous but prompt denial. "She has no wish for change—no thought of abandoning her pleasant home—no room for other love within her heart than that she cherishes towards her father," and, blushing as she diffidently stammers forth her thanks, our village beauty, by the very soothing and gentle character of her denial, invariably augments the passion she has unwittingly inspired. Nothing, it seems, can win her from her celibate, or tempt her to exchange the arduous duties of her daily life, for the ease and competence which the prosperous circumstances of some of her suitors would certainly ensure her. He would be a proud and happy man who should confer his name on Katharine Penfold, for he would be, indeed,

"Most richly blest
In the calm meekness of her woman's breast,
Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies;
And for her household love, which clings
Unto all ancient and familiar things,
Weaving from each some link for home's dear charities."

Twice in the week Kate's homeward path lies through L—, and, during all the pleasant summer months, at the coming on of twilight, her father meets her at the church, and tarries there till nightfall, filling that old and echoing pile with the throbbing music of the solemn organ,—improvising voluntaries,—weaving together fragments of masses, requiems, and symphonies, or revelling in the jubilant notes of some high-soaring anthem song, in which the quivering voice of Katharine blends with the organ's tremulous swell,—floats along the vibrating and dusky air,—startles the sleeping echoes,—murmurs high up among the massive rafters of the roof,—rings audibly against the window panes—and, wandering outward through the porch, arrests the footsteps of the passer by, constraining him to pause and listen to the music of the blind old organist, and the carol, the clear exulting carol, of his daughter's voice. And, when the gathering darkness warns Katharine and her father to depart, it is a chance if there be not some young and loving loiterer in the aisle below, waiting to proffer, with an eager importunity, his services as an escort home. And, if the offer be accepted, what a heavenly beauty is there in that tranquil summer night, to the buoyant fancy of the happy escort! with what a rare consummate charm are even ordinary and familiar objects invested for the nonce! Think you that, to his ears, music was ever so divine as the sound of Katharine's voice mingling in the conversation which beguiles their walk? Think you that ever distance seemed so brief as that which intervenes between the village and the "Court?"—that ever walk appeared so long, so wearisome, as the subsequent solitary retracing of his steps? Think you that, to the eye of shipwrecked mariner, ever

star shone forth so brightly as shines the twinkling light from Katharine's casement, to which so often his averted glance is turned? or that the pitchy darkness of a winter's night seemed ever so profound as that which settles down when intermediate trees obscure the gleam of that far-shining light? And think you, that, with so many "shaping their services to her behests," Kate's resolute adhesion to a single life will still remain unshaken? We must confess we entertain a half-mistrustful feeling on this score. But, most assuredly, if ever so important an event as Katharine Penfold's marriage should take place, we will not fail to duly notify the occurrence, with ample details of the ceremony, to the readers of our *Village Annals*. J. S.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

I HAVE, from time to time, amused a leisure hour by committing to paper the following recollections of my boyish days. My reasons for doing so were briefly these. It struck me, that, while volume after volume had been devoted to "school-boy days," "college life," &c., the mysteries of that paradise of public-school-fearing mamas, a private tutor's, still remained unrevealed. In hastening to avail myself of this (as far as I am aware) hitherto untrod ground, I have had in view (in addition to my professed design of amusing myself, and—may I venture to hope it!—my readers also,) the following objects:—in the first place, to enlighten the aforesaid mamas as to the nature of the bed of roses to which they are so anxious to transplant their darlings, and to show some of the trials and temptations to which a lad, hitherto shielded from evil by all the hallowing influences of home, may (despite the best intentions on the part of his tutor) be exposed; and, secondly, to prove to the "young gentlemen" themselves, how, by a little firmness and decision of character, and a sensible and manly adherence to the religious principles in which they have been brought up, they may, without forfeiting the regard of their companions, do good in their generation, and lay the foundation of the character which it should be their aim to support through life; viz. that of Christians and Gentlemen. How far I may have succeeded in accomplishing these objects, it is not for me to decide.

CHAPTER I.

"Never forget, under any circumstances, to think and act like a gentleman, and don't exceed your allowance," said my father. "Mind you read your Bible, and remember what I have told you about wearing flannel waistcoats," cried my mother. And with their united "God bless you, my boy!" still ringing in my ears, I found myself inside the stage coach, on my way to London.

New, I am well aware that the correct thing for a boy in my situation (i.e. leaving home for the first time) would be to fall back on my seat, and into a reverie, during which, utterly lost to all external impressions, I should entertain the thoughts and feelings of a well-informed man of thirty; the same thoughts and feelings being clothed in the semi-poetic prose of a fashionable novel writer. Deeply, therefore, am I grieved at being forced both to set at nought so laudable an established

precedent, and to expose my own degeneracy. But the truth must be told at all hazards. The only feeling I experienced, beyond a vague sense of loneliness and desolation, was one of great personal discomfort. It rained hard, so that a small stream of water, which descended from the roof of the coach as I entered it, had insinuated itself between one of the flannel waistcoats which formed so important an item in the maternal valediction, and my skin, whence, endeavouring to carry out what a logician would call the "law of its being," by finding its own level, it placed me in the undesirable position of an involuntary disciple of the cold-water system taking a "sitz-bad." As to my thoughts, the reader shall have the full benefit of them, in the exact order in which they fitted through my brain.

First came in a vague desire to render my position more comfortable, ending in a forlorn hope that intense and continued sitting might, by some undefined process of evaporation, cure the evil. This suggested a speculation, half pleasing and half painful, as to what would be my mother's feelings, could she be aware of the state of things; the pleasure being the result of that mysterious preternatural delight which a boy always takes in every thing at all likely to injure his health, or endanger his existence, and the pain arising from the knowledge that there was now no one near me to care whether I was comfortable or not. Again, these speculations merged into a sort of dreamy wonder, as to why a queer little old gentleman opposite (my sole fellow-traveller) went on grunting like a pig, at intervals of about a minute, though he was wide awake all the time; and whether a small tuft of hair, on a mole at the tip of his nose, could have anything to do with it. At this point, my meditations were interrupted by the old gentleman himself, who, after a louder grunt than usual, gave vent to his feelings in the following speech, which was partly addressed to me and partly a soliloquy. "Umph! going to school, my boy, eh?" then, in a lower tone, "wonder why I called him *my* boy, when he's no such thing: just like me; umph!" I replied by informing him that I was not exactly going to school, (I was just fifteen, and the word "school" sounded derogatory to my dignity;) but that, having been, up to the present time, educated at home by my father, I was now on my way to complete my studies under the care of a private tutor, who only received six pupils, a very different thing from a school, as I took the liberty of insinuating. "Umph! different thing? You will cost more, learn less, and fancy yourself a man when you're a little boy; that's the only difference I can see:" then came the aside,—"Snubbing the poor child, when he's too low already; just like me; umph!" After which he relapsed into a silence which continued uninterrupted until we reached London, save once, while we were changing horses, when he produced a flask with a silver top, and, taking a sip himself, asked me if I drank brandy. On my shaking my head, with a smile caused by what appeared to me the utter wildness and desperation of the notion, he muttered, "Umph! of course he doesn't; how should he!—just like me."

In due course of time we reached the Old Bell Inn, Holborn, where the coach stopped, and where my trunk and myself were to be handed over to the tender mercies of the coachman of the "Rocket," a fast coach, (I speak of the slow old days when railroads were unknown,) which then ran to Helmstone, the watering-place where my future

tutor, the Rev. Doctor Mildman, resided. My first impressions of London are scarcely worth recording, for the simple reason that they consisted solely of intense and unmitigated surprise at everything and everybody I saw and heard; which may be more readily believed when I mention the fact, that my preconceived notions of the metropolis led me to imagine, that perhaps it might be twice the size of the town nearest to my father's house, in short, almost as large as Grosvenor Square.

Here I parted company with my fellow-traveller, who took leave of me thus—“Umph! well, good bye; be a good boy—good man, you'd like me to say, I suppose; man indeed! umph! don't forget what your parents told you;” then adding, “Of course he will, what's the use of telling him not! just like me;”—he dived into the recesses of a hackney coach, and disappeared. Nothing worthy of note occurred during my journey to Helmstone, where we arrived at about half-past four in the afternoon. My feelings of surprise and admiration were destined once more to be excited on this (to me) memorable day, as, in my way from the coach-office to Langdale Terrace, where Doctor Mildman resided, I beheld, for the first time, that most stupendous work of God, the mighty Ocean; which, alike in its wild resistless freedom, and its miraculous obedience to the command, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no further,” bears at once the plainest print of its Almighty Creator's hand, while it affords a strong and convincing proof of His omnipotence.

On knocking at the door of Doctor Mildman's house, (if the truth must be told, it was with a trembling hand I did so,) it was opened by a man-servant, whose singularly plain features were characterised by an expression alternating between extreme civility and an intense appreciation of the ludicrous.

On mentioning my name, and asking if Doctor Mildman was at home, he replied, “Yes, sir, master's in, sir; so you're Mr. Fairleigh, sir, our new young gent, sir!” (here the ludicrous expression predominated;) “hope you'll be comfortable, sir,” (here he nearly burst into a laugh;) “show you into master's study, sir, directly,” (here he became preternaturally grave again;) and opening the study door, ushered me into the presence of the dreaded tutor.

On my entrance, Doctor Mildman (for such I presumed a middle-aged gentleman, the sole tenant of the apartment, to be) rose from a library table, at which he had been seated, and, shaking me kindly by the hand, inquired after the health of my father and mother, what sort of journey I had had, and sundry other particulars of the like nature, evidently with the good-humoured design of putting me a little more at my ease; for I have no doubt the trepidation I was well aware of feeling inwardly, at finding myself *l'le-à-l'le* with a real live tutor, was written in very legible characters on my countenance. Doctor Mildman, whose appearance I studied with an anxious eye, was a gentlemanly looking man of five-and-forty, or thereabouts, with a high bald forehead, and good features, the prevailing expression of which, naturally mild and benevolent, was at times chequered by that look which all schoolmasters are sure sooner or later to acquire—a look which seems to say, “Now, sir, do you intend to mind me, or do you not?” Had it not been for this, and for an appearance of irresolution about the mouth, he would have been a decidedly fine-looking man. While I was making these observations, he informed me that I had arrived just in time for dinner, and that the servant should show me to my sleeping apartment, whence, when I had sacrificed to the Graces, (as he was pleased to call dressing,) I was to descend to the drawing room, and be introduced to Mrs. Mildman and my future companions.

My sleeping room, which was rather a small garret than otherwise, was furnished, as it appeared to me, with more regard to economy than to the comfort of its inmate. At one end stood a small four-post bedstead, which, owing to some mysterious cause, chose to hold its

near fore-leg up in the air, and slightly advanced, thereby impressing the beholder with the idea that it was about to trot into the middle of the room. On an unpainted deal table stood a looking-glass, which, from a habit it had of altering and embellishing the face of any one who consulted it, must evidently have possessed great natural humour: an ancient wash-hand-stand, supporting a basin and towel, and a dissipated looking chair, completed the catalogue.

Whilst I am engaged in preparing for the alarming ordeal I am so soon to undergo, allow me to present a slight sketch of myself, both mental and bodily, to the reader; and, as mind ought to take precedence of matter, I will attempt, as far as I am able after the lapse of time which has taken place, to paint my character in true colours, “neither extenuating nor setting down aught in malice.” I was, then, as the phrase goes, “a very well-behaved young gentleman;” that is, I had a great respect for all properly constituted authorities, and an extreme regard for the proprieties of life; was very particular about my shoes being clean, and my hat nicely brushed; always saying “Thank you,” when a servant handed me a plate, and, “May I trouble you!” when I asked for a bit of bread. In short, I bade fair in time to become a thorough old bachelor; one of those unhappy mortals whose lives are alike a burthen to themselves and others,—men who, by magnifying the minor household miseries into events of importance, are uneasy and suspicious about things from the wash having been properly aired, and become low and anxious as the dreaded time approaches when clean sheets are inevitable! My ideas of a private tutor being derived chiefly from “Sandford and Merton,” and “Evenings at Home,” were rather wide of the mark, leading me to expect that Dr. Mildman would impart instruction to us during long rambles over green fields, and in the form of moral allegories, to which we should listen with respectful attention and affectionate esteem. With regard to my outward man, or rather boy, I should have been obliged to have confined myself to such particulars as I could remember, namely, that I was tall for my age, but slightly built, and so thin, as often to provoke the application of such epithets as “hop-pole,” “thread-paper,” &c.; had it not been that, in turning over some papers, a few days since, I stumbled on a water-colour sketch of myself, which I well remember being taken by a young artist in the neighbourhood, just before I left home, in the hope of consoling my mother for my departure. It represented a lad about fifteen, in a picturesque attitude, feeding a pony out of a very elegant little basket, with what appeared to be white currants, though I have every reason to believe they were meant for oats. The aforesaid youth rejoiced in an open shirt collar and black ribbon à la Byron, curling hair of a dark chestnut colour, regular features, a high forehead, complexion like a girl's, very pink and white, and a pair of large blue eyes, engaged in regarding the white currant oats with intense surprise, as well indeed they might. Whether this young gentleman bore more resemblance to me, than the currants did to oats, I am, of course, unable to judge; but, as the portrait represented a very handsome boy, I hope none of my readers will be rude enough to doubt that it was a striking likeness.

I now proceeded to render myself thoroughly wretched by attempting to extricate the articles necessary for a change of dress from the very bottom of my trunk where, according to the nature of such things, they had hidden themselves; grammars, lexicons, and other like “Amenities of Literature,” being the things that came to hand most readily. Scarcely had I contrived to discover a wearable suit, when I was informed that dinner was on the table; so, hastily tumbling into my clothes and giving a final peep at the facetious looking-glass, the result of which was my twisting the bow of my Byronic tie under my left ear, in the belief that I was thereby putting it straight, I rushed down stairs, just in time to

see the back of the last pupil disappear through the dining-room door. "Better late than never, Fairleigh; Mrs. Mildman, this is Fairleigh; he can sit by you, Coleman;—'For what we are going to receive,' &c.;—Thomas, the carving knife." Such was the address with which my tutor greeted my entrance, and, during its progress, I popped into a seat indicated by a sort of half wink from Thomas, resisting by a powerful act of self-control a sudden impulse which seized me, to rush out of the room, and do something between going to sea and taking prussic acid; not quite either, but partaking of the nature of both. "Take soup, Fairleigh!" said Dr. Mildman. "Thank you, sir, if you please." "A pleasant journey had you?" inquired Mrs. Mildman. "Not any, I am much obliged to you," I replied, thinking of the fish. This produced a total silence, during which the pupils exchanged glances, and Thomas concealed an illicit smile behind the bread basket. "Does your father," began Dr. Mildman in a very grave and deliberate manner, "does your father shoot?"—"Boiled mutton, my dear." I replied, that he had given it up of late years, as the fatigue was too much for him. "Oh! I was very fond of carrying a gun,—pepper,—when I was—a spoon—at Oxford, I could hit a—mashed potatoe—bird as well as most men; yes, I was very sorry to give up my double barrel—ale, Thomas!" "You came inside, I believe?" questioned Mrs. Mildman, a lady possessing a shadowy outline, indistinct features faintly characterised by an indefinite expression, long ringlets of an almost impossible shade of whity-brown, and a complexion and general appearance only to be described by the term "washed out." "Yes, all the way ma'am." "Did you not dislike it very much? it ceases one's gown so, unless it is a merino, or mousseline-de-laine, but one can't always wear them, you know." Not being in the least prepared with an answer suitable to this, I merely made what I intended to be an affirmative grunt, in doing which a crumb of bread chise to go the wrong way, producing thereby a violent fit of coughing, in the agonies of which I seized and drank off Dr. Mildman's tumbler of ale, mistaking it for my own. The effect of this, my crowning *gaucherie*, was to call forth a languid smile on the countenance of the senior pupil, a tall young man, with dark hair, and a rather forbidding expression of face, which struggled only too successfully with an attempt to look exceedingly amiable; which smile was repeated with variations by all the others. "Thomas, a clean glass," said Dr. Mildman; but Thomas had evaporated suddenly, leaving no clue to his whereabouts, unless sundry faint sounds of suppressed laughter outside the door, indicating, as I fancied, his extreme appreciation of my unfortunate mistake, proceeded from him. It is, I believe, a generally received axiom, that all mortal affairs must sooner or later come to an end; at all events the dinner I have been describing did not form an exception to the rule. In due time Mrs. Mildman disappeared, after which Dr. Mildman addressed a remark or two about Greek tragedy to the tall pupil, which led to a dissertation on the merits of a gentleman named Prometheus, who, it seemed, was bound in some peculiar way, but whether this referred to his apprenticeship to some trade did not appear. This lasted about ten minutes, at the expiration of which the senior pupil "grinned horribly a ghastly smile" at the others, who instantly rose, and conveyed themselves out of the room with such rapidity, that I, being quite unprepared for such a proceeding, sat for a moment in silent amazement, and then, becoming suddenly alive to a sense of my situation, rushed frantically after them. My speed was checked somewhat abruptly by a door at the end of the passage being violently slammed in my face, for which polite attention I was indebted to the philanthropy of the hindmost pupil, who thereby imposed upon me the agreeable task of feeling in the dark for a door-handle in an unknown locality. After fumbling for some time, in a state of the greatest bewilderment, I at length opened the

door, and beheld the interior of the "pupil's room," which, for the benefit of such of my readers as may never have seen the like, I will now endeavour shortly to describe.

The parlour devoted to the pupil's use was of a good size, and nearly square, and, like the cabin of a certain "ould Irish gentleman," appeared to be fitted up with "nothing at all for show." In three of the corners stood small tables covered with books and writing materials, for the use of Dr. Mildman and the two senior pupils; in the fourth was a book-case. The centre of the room was occupied by a large square table, the common property of the other pupils; while a carpet, "a little the worse for wear," and sundry veteran chairs, rather crazy from the treatment to which many generations of pupils had subjected them, (a chair being the favourite projectile in the event of a *shindy*), completed the catalogue. Mr. Richard Cumberland, the senior pupil, was lounging in an easy attitude on one side of the fireplace; on the other stood, bolt upright, a lad rather older than myself, with a long unmeaning face, and a set of arms and legs which appeared not to belong to one another. This worthy, as I soon learned, responded to the name of Nathaniel Mullins, and usually served as the butt of the party, in the absence of newer or worthier game. Exactly in front of the fire, with his coat tails under his arms, and his legs extended like a pair of compasses, was stationed Mr. George Lawless, who, after being expelled from one of the upper forms at Eton, for some heroic exploit, which the head master could not be persuaded to view in its proper light, was sent to vegetate for a year or two at Dr. Mildman's, ere he proceeded to one of the universities. This gentleman was of rather a short thick-set figure, with a large head, and an expression of countenance resembling that of a bull when the animal "means mischief," and was supposed by his friends to be more thoroughly "wide awake" than any one of his years in the three kingdoms. The quartette was completed by Mr. Frederick Coleman, a small lad, with a round merry face, who was perched on the back of a chair, with his feet resting on the hob, and his person so disposed as effectually to screen every ray of fire from Nathaniel Mullins. "You are not cold, Fairleigh? Don't let me keep the fire from you," said Lawless, without, however, showing the slightest intention of moving. "Not very, thank you." "Oh! quite right—glad to hear it; it's Mildman's wish that, during the first half, no pupil should come on the hearth-rug. I made a point of conscience of it myself when I first came. The Spartans, you know, never allowed their little boys to do so, and even the Athenians, a much more luxurious people, always had their pinafores made of asbestos, or some such fire-proof stuff. You are well read in Walker's History of Greece, I hope?" I replied, that I was afraid I was not. "Never read 'Hookeyus Magnus'? Your father ought to be ashamed of himself for neglecting you so. You are aware, I suppose, that the Greeks had a different sort of fire to what we burn now-a-days? You've heard of Greek fire?" I answered that I had, but did not exactly understand what it meant. "Not know that, either? disgraceful! Well, it was a kind of way they had of flaring up in those times, a sort of 'light of other days,' which enabled them to give their friends a warm reception; so much so, indeed, that their friends found it too warm sometimes, and latterly they usually reserved it for their enemies. Mind you remember all this, for it is one of the first things old Sam will be sure to ask you." Did my ears deceive me? Could he have called the tutor, the dreaded tutor, "old Sam?" I trembled as I stood—plain, unhonoured "Sam," as though he had spoken of a footman? The room turned round with me. Alas! for Sandford and Merton, and affectionate and respectful esteem! "But how's this?" continued Lawless, "we have forgotten to introduce you in form to your companions, and to enter your name in the books of the establishment; why, Cumberland, what were you think-

ing of?" "Beg pardon," rejoined Cumberland, "I really was so buried in thought, trying to solve that problem about bisecting the Siamese twins, and extracting the square roots of their back teeth,—you know it, Lawless? However, it is not too late, is it! Allow me to introduce you, Mr. Fairplay,"—"legh, sir," interrupted I. "Ah, exactly; well, then, Mr. Fairleigh, let me introduce this gentleman, Mr. George Lawless, who has, if I mistake not, been already trying, with his usual benevolence, to supply a few of your deficiencies; he is, if he will allow me to say so, one of the most rising young men of his generation, one of the firmest props of the glorious edifice of our rights and privilege." "A regular brick," interposed Coleman. "Hold your tongue, Freddy; little boys should be seen and not heard, as Tacitus tells us," said Cumberland, reprovingly. The only reply to this, if reply it could be called, was something which sounded to me like a muttered reference to the Greek historian Walker, whom Lawless had so lately mentioned; and Cumberland continued, "You will pay great attention to every thing Lawless tells you, and endeavour to improve by following his example, at a respectful distance—ahem! The gentleman on your right hand, Mr. Mullins, who is chiefly remarkable for looking ('like a fool' put in Coleman, *sotto voce*), before he leaps, so long, that in general he postpones leaping altogether, and is in the habit of making ('an ass of himself,' said Coleman)—really, Freddy, I am surprised at you,—of making two bites at a cherry—you will be better able to appreciate when you know more of him. As to my young friend Freddy, here, his naturally good abilities and amiable temper ('Draw it mild, old fellow' interrupted the young gentleman in question,) have interested us so much in his favour, that we cannot but view with regret a habit he has of late fallen into, of turning every thing into ridicule, ('What a pity!' from the same individual,) and a lamentable addiction to the use of slang terms. Let me hope his association with such a polished young gentleman as Mr. Fairleigh may improve him in these particulars." "Who drank Mildman's ale at dinner?" asked Coleman; "if that's a specimen of his polished manners, I think mine take the shine out of them, rather." "I assure you," interrupted I, eagerly, "I never was more distressed in my life; it was quite a mistake." "Pretty good mistake,—Hodgson's pale ale for Muddytub's swipes,—eh, Mull!" rejoined Coleman. "Prime," replied Mullins. "Well, now for entering your name; that's important, you know," said Lawless; "you had better ring the bell, and tell Thomas to bring the books." I obeyed, and when Thomas made his appearance, informed him of my desire to enter my name in the books of the establishment, which I begged he would bring for that purpose. A look of bewilderment which came over his face on hearing my request, changed to an expression of intelligence, as, after receiving some masonic sign from Lawless, he replied, "The books, sir? yes, sir; bring 'em directly, sir." After a few minutes he returned with two small, not over clean, books, ruled with blue lines; one of these Lawless took from him, opened with much ceremony, and, covering the upper part of the page with a bit of blotting paper, pointed to a line, and desired me to write my name and age, as well as the date of my arrival, upon it. The same ceremony was repeated with the second. "That's all right: now let's see how it reads," said he, and, removing the blotting paper, read as follows:—"Pair of Wellingtons, 11. 15s.; satin stock, 25s.; cap ribbon for Sally Duster, 2s. 6d.; box of cigars, 11. 16s. (mem. shocking bad lot)—Nov. 5th, Francis Fairleigh, aged 15.—So much for that; now let's see the next.—Five shirts, four pair of stockings, six pocket handkerchiefs, two pairs of white ducks—Nov. 5th, Francis Fairleigh, aged 15." Here his voice was drowned in a roar of laughter from the whole party assembled, Thomas included, during which the true state of the case dawned upon me, viz.—that I had,

with much pomp and ceremony, entered my name, age, and the date of my arrival, in Mr. George Lawless's private account and washing books!

My thoughts, as I laid my aching head upon my pillow that night, were not of the most enviable nature. Leaving for the first time the home where I had lived from childhood, and in which I had met with affection and kindness from all around me, had been a trial under which my fortitude would most assuredly have given way, but for the brilliant picture my imagination had very obligingly sketched of the "happy family," of which I was about to become a member; in the foreground of which stood a group of fellow pupils, a united brotherhood of congenial souls, containing three bosom friends at the very least, anxiously awaiting my arrival, with outstretched arms of welcome. Now, however, this last hope had failed me; for, innocent (or, as Coleman would have termed it, *green*) as I then was, I could not but perceive, that the mock tone of politeness assumed towards me by Cumberland and Lawless was merely a convenient cloak for impertinence, which could be thrown aside at any moment when a more open display of their powers of tormenting should seem advisable. In fact, (though I was little aware of the pleasures in store for me,) I had already seen enough to prove that the life of a private pupil was not exactly "all my fancy painted it;" and, as the misery of leaving those I loved proved in its "sad reality" a much more serious affair than I had imagined, the result of my cogitations was that I was a very unhappy boy, (I did not feel the smallest inclination to boast myself *man* at that moment,) and that, if something very much to my advantage did not turn up in the course of the next twenty-four hours, my friends would have the melancholy satisfaction of depositing a broken heart, (which, on the principle of the Kilkenny cats, was all I expected would remain of me by that time,) in an early grave. Here my feelings becoming too many for me at the thought of my own funeral, I fairly gave up the struggle, and, bursting into a flood of tears, cried myself to sleep, like a child.

E. S.

THE DAIRIES OF HOLSTEIN.

HOLSTEIN butter is said to be (with the exception of that made in Holland proper) the best in the world; and it may not be uninteresting to our readers to describe the process adopted in that duchy for making this valuable article.

The duchy of Holstein, together with the duchies of Schleswig and Lauenburg, lies in a favourable position for commerce, being bounded by the Elbe and the German Ocean on the West, and by the Baltic on the East, while a ship canal unites the two seas. The climate is temperate, inclining to moisture: it does not materially differ from that of the midland counties of England, except that the cold is more steady and severe in winter, while the summers are warmer and drier. The night-frosts of April and May are the most unfavourable circumstance affecting the interests of agriculture; they are more felt than in England, because the heat of the sun in day time is greater, and the contrast, therefore, the more prejudicial. The soil is rich, and often receives accessions from the depositions of the river Elbe, and other sources.

The peculiarities of management in the Holstein dairy system relate to the buildings and utensils; to the time of milking, and number of hands employed; to the management of the milk; and to the mode of working, salting, and packing the butter. These have been described by Mr. Carr, in a communication to the

Royal Agricultural Society, and may be thus shortly stated.

The buildings on a large dairy are, a milk cellar, a butter cellar, a churning house, with a horse-mill adjoining, a cheese room, and a kitchen in which the utensils are washed, and food is cooked for all the persons immediately engaged in dairy work; to which are sometimes added their sleeping and eating apartments. The size and situation of the milk cellar are esteemed of great importance: it fronts the north, and is shaded from the southern sun by rows of trees, the elder being especially chosen, and planted as near the windows as possible, on account of the influence of that tree in keeping off insects. A thatched projecting roof affords protection from the heat, and great care is taken in choosing the site of a dairy, to place it out of the reach of anything which might taint the atmosphere. The size of the milk cellar is regulated by the number of cows, but it is generally calculated to contain the produce of four milkings. The milk dishes are always placed on the floor, and usually occupy a space of two feet square each; thus the produce of one hundred cows, giving, on an average, eight quarts per day, would fill fifty milk dishes at each milking, and would require a ground surface of 500 square feet, as there must unavoidably be spaces left to enable the dairy maids to go through their various operations. The floor is sometimes flagged, but oftener of brick, neatly fitted, so that no water may lodge in the joints; and always gently inclined, with a grating at the lower end, to facilitate the washing of the floor, which is never omitted to be done twice a day, notwithstanding that every source of impurity is guarded against, and every drop that may fall at the time of the milk being strained, is carefully wiped up. A recent improvement is the dividing the floor into compartments with brick ledges, from three to four inches high, between which the milk dishes stand. The lower extremity of these compartments is fitted with a small sluice, and twice a day they are filled with cold water from a pump. Thus the milk is preserved so cool as to prevent all approach to acidity for several hours longer than when placed on a dry floor. In sultry weather, a piece of pure ice is sometimes dropped into each milk pan, or a pailful of ice is placed in the dairy, which, by absorbing the heat, sensibly lowers the atmospheric temperature.

The best milk cellars are sunk from three to four feet in the ground; they are from sixteen to eighteen feet high, with an arched roof, and two rows of windows, looking north, east, and west, to secure a thorough air. The lower range of windows consists of wooden trellis-work, provided inside with gauze frames, to exclude insects, and outside with hanging shutters which can be lowered and elevated at pleasure. The upper range is furnished with glass sashes, which are exchanged for gauze frames when greater coolness is needed.

The butter cellar also is light, airy, and cool: it is likewise sunk in the ground, and supplied by the same means as the milk cellar with plenty of pure air. Here the butter, when carried from the churning house, is worked, salted, and packed. The filled butter-casks are ranged on clean boards, a little elevated from the floor, to allow of a free passage of air, and are turned and wiped every week.

Next in order comes the churning house, which has much the same arrangements as we find common in England. Of late years the perpendicular movement

of the churn-staff has been exchanged for the rotatory, which is found to churn in a shorter time, and with less risk of *oiling* the butter. The cheese room, in these dairies, is placed as far as possible from both the milk and the butter cellars.

The persons required to conduct the business of the dairy are, an overseer, a cooper, one or two cowherds, one or more swineherds, an upper dairymaid, and dairymaids in the proportion of one to every eighteen cows. The overseer takes care of the cattle, and is expected to know their diseases and the remedies. He is responsible for the conduct of the swineherd and cowherd, and superintends the fattening and rearing of calves. He also sees that the milking is thoroughly performed. When the number of cows does not exceed a hundred, he also undertakes the cooper's work, but, in large dairies, a cooper is kept in addition, who, besides his particular duties, assists in carrying the milk, feeding the cows when housed, &c. The wages of these two persons vary with the extent of the dairy, but may be averaged at sixty dollars for the first, and forty for the second, per annum.

The dairymaids, besides milking, cleaning the vessels, &c., work in the garden in summer, spin in winter, and wash, bake, brew, and cook, for the establishment, under the direction of the upper dairymaid, who is by far the most important personage therein, as on her skill, attention, and diligence, depend, in great measure, both the quantity and quality of the product. She must not only thoroughly understand, but accurately observe, the moment when the milk should be creamed; the degree of acidity it must attain in the cream-barrels; its temperature, whether requiring the addition of warm or cold water to the churn, as well as the subsequent operations of kneading, beating, salting, and packing, the butter. She must be punctiliously clean in her person and work, and require the same cleanliness of her maidens. In large establishments, the upper woman has full employment without milking, and even requires assistance in her own department; but in smaller dairies she milks about ten cows. Her wages are from fifty-five to sixty dollars per annum, while her chief assistants receive twenty-two, and the rest eighteen dollars.

During summer, the dairy people of Holstein rise at three, or even two, in the morning, if the weather be very hot; for which exertion they are allowed two hours' sleep in the middle of the day. The milking is carried on in the field, generally commencing at four, and lasting two hours. Each girl marks her own cows, by tying a particular coloured ribbon round their tails; and in some places each milker carries a string, on which a knot is made for every cow that is milked, to prevent any from being forgotten. The fields are large, and often at a great distance from the dairy, but the milk is safely and easily transported, by means of a long, low, four-wheeled, one-horse wagon, in the side bars of which, strong iron hooks are inserted, at such distances, that the milk-pails, containing from thirty to forty quarts each, may swing free of each other, and these, though filled nearly to the brim, are prevented spilling by merely having thin pieces of wood, about the size of a dinner plate, floating on the surface. The milk, when brought to the dairy, is immediately strained through a hair sieve into the vessels placed to receive it. These vessels are of various materials; they may be of wood, earthenware, copper tinned, zinc, cast iron lined with a china-like composition, or glass.

In order to secure butter of a first-rate quality, the cream is removed from the milk before any acidity is perceptible, and it has been found that a cellar-temperature of from 60° to 62° Fahr. is the most favourable, allowing of a complete disengagement of the cream in thirty-six hours; whereas a greater degree of warmth, while it quickens the separation, still more hastens the souring process, which injures both the quantity and quality of the butter. In a cold temperature the sepa-

ration is effected much more slowly, so that forty-eight, or even sixty hours may be required; this, however, is the longest period which can be given without the risk of imparting a rank unpleasant flavour to the butter. The first signs of acidity in milk are a very slight wrinkling of the cream, and a scarcely perceptible acid taste. The moment this is observed, the skimming begins, even if the milk have stood but twenty-four hours. The cream is poured through a hair sieve (which is kept for this purpose, and never employed in straining the new milk) into large barrels, containing about two hundred and forty quarts each, in which it remains until it is sufficiently sour, being stirred at intervals to prevent its becoming *cheesy*. The next object of the dairywoman's skill is the degree of warmth or coolness which must be imparted in order to secure good butter. In warm weather the churn is rinsed with the coldest water, in which a piece of pure ice is often thrown, and sometimes, though more rarely, cold spring-water is added to the cream about to be churned, which operation is then always performed either very early in the morning, or late in the evening. In cold weather, on the contrary, warm water is applied both to rinsing the churn, and to the cream itself.

The churning being completed, the butter is taken off by means of a large wooden ladle, and carried in a tub directly to the butter cellar, where it is cast into a large trough, hollowed out of the trunk of an oak or beech, very smoothly polished inside, and provided with a plug-hole at the lower extremity, beneath which a small tub is placed to receive the expressed milk. There the butter is slightly worked, and salted with the purest salt; then moulded with a wooden ladle into a mass at the upper end of the trough, and left for some hours to soak and drain. In the evening it is thoroughly kneaded and beaten, or rather slapped, the dairy maid repeatedly lifting a piece of from three to four pounds, and slapping it with force against the trough, so as to beat out all the milky particles; and thus lump after lump being freed from extraneous matter, the whole mass is spread out, receives its full proportion of salt, about an ounce and one-eighth per pound, which is worked with the utmost care equally through it, and again moulded into one compact mass. The butter in Holstein is scarcely ever washed, as water is believed to rob it of its richness and flavour, and to be unfavourable to its preservation.

When a quantity is ready sufficient to fill a cask, the several churnings are once more kneaded through, a very little fresh salt added, and the butter is packed in a barrel made of red beech wood, water-tight, which has been prepared by careful washing, and rubbing on the inside with salt. Great care is taken that no space shall be left either between the layers of butter, or the sides of the cask. In large dairies a cask is never begun to be filled until it can be completed, as thus alone the butter can be exactly of the same flavour and colour throughout.

The qualities of the excellent butter on which the Holsteiner so much prides himself, are, *first*, a fine even yellow colour, neither pale nor orange tinted; *secondly*, a close waxy texture, in which extremely minute and perfectly transparent beads of brine are perceptible; but if these drops be either large, or in the slightest degree tinged with milk colour, it is considered as marking an imperfect working of the butter, while an entirely dry tallowy appearance is equally disapproved; *thirdly*, a fresh fragrant perfume, and a sweet kernelly taste; *fourthly*, the quality of keeping for a considerable time without acquiring an old or rancid flavour.

There are four classes or varieties of butter known in Holstein. These are named *fresh-milk*, *May*, *Summer*, and *stubble* butter, according to the season in which each is produced. The fresh-milk butter is that made in spring, between the time when the cows calve and their being turned out to pasture. The May butter is that produced in May, after the cows have been sent to

grass. This is highly prized for its peculiarly fine aroma when fresh, but is found not to keep well, and therefore, like the fresh-milk butter, is generally sent to market as it is made. The summer butter is made in June and July, and from that time until the cows are removed from pasture, the butter bears the name of *stubble* butter. Both these latter sorts, if properly made, keep well, and retain their fine flavour nearly unimpaired until the following spring. The small quantity produced between the time of the cows being housed and becoming dry, is called *old milk* butter, and is least of all esteemed.

In winter, when the cows are confined to dry food, and the butter loses its fine yellow colour, artificial means are employed to remedy the defect; for the Holstein merchants find, that without the usual degree of colouring, their butter will not in some markets, (as in Spain and Portugal,) fetch its accustomed price. The ingredients used for this purpose are a mixture of annatto and turmeric, in the proportion of five ounces of the latter to one pound of the former. These ingredients are boiled in butter for half an hour, stirring them frequently, and then straining through linen; the preparation can then be kept for use. When butter is to be coloured, a portion of this mixture is melted over the fire: it is then poured into a hollow made in the mass of fresh churned butter, and by rapid stirring is intimately united with the butter immediately in contact with it, which being then spread over the whole mass, is, together with the requisite proportion of salt, carefully kneaded and worked through until no particle remains more highly coloured than another; and when smaller portions have thus been coloured from day to day, before a cask can be filled, the whole must, before packing, be kneaded once more, that no disparity of shade may disfigure it.

The greater portion of the butter made in the dairies of Holstein and Schleswig, is bought up by the Hamburg merchants, though it is likewise sent in considerable quantities from Kiel and other parts to England, Copenhagen, and the West Indies.

We have already noticed the importance attached to every particular relating to the milk cellar, and the utensils employed in making this celebrated butter. The different materials used for milk pans were named, and we may now give some further notices from the same authority on this head.

Various kinds of utensils have been tried in Holstein, in the hope of discovering how, in hot weather, more especially when a thunder storm is gathering, the milk can be kept from too early an acidity. Those in most general use are shallow wooden vessels, nearly of an equal diameter at top and bottom, containing, when full, about eight quarts, but in which, during summer, seldom more than six quarts are poured. The chief disadvantage of these vessels is the great labour and attention required to remove all acidity, which, in some states of the atmosphere, is almost unavoidable, and which, penetrating the pores of the wood, sometimes resists all the patient scrubbing, first, with hot water and small birch scrubbers, and secondly, with boiling water, and a hard round brush made of pig's bristles, with which every part of the utensil is carefully polished over. Sometimes the dairymaid is compelled to resort to washing in a ley of wood-ashes, or boiling, or even scorching over lighted chips, followed by countless rinsings in pure spring water. To diminish this labour, the milk-vendors in towns paint the milking pails and dishes with a preparation of cinnabar, linseed-oil, and litharge; but this is expensive, for the vessels require three coats of the composition at first, and one yearly afterwards, and, after all, the milk, for some days after these vessels are brought into use, has a perceptible taste of paint. Tinned copper milk-pans are very costly, and require careful watching, lest they should require re-tinning. The zinc pans are yet but little known, and their value not sufficiently proved. Cast

iron, lined with enamel, are durable and very clean, but too expensive. Glass-pans have many opponents on account of their brittleness. The testimony of Mr. Carr, however, is decidedly in favour of this material. He says, that in his dairy (which is supplied by 180 cows) the glass vessels have been used for four years. They are sixteen inches broad at the top, and twelve at the bottom: the glass is dark bottle green, transparent, and perfectly smooth, about one eighth of an inch thick, and furnished with a round rim at the upper edge, which makes it easy to retain a safe hold of them even when full. They would contain eight quarts, but never receive more than six. "They cost eight-pence a-piece, and their durability may be estimated by the fact that, to encourage carefulness, each dairy maid is allowed one dollar extra, as *pan-money*, being bound at the same time to pay ten-pence for each one she breaks; yet hitherto," says Mr. Carr, "no girl has broken to the extent of her dollar." The great advantage of these vessels is in the saving of time, fuel, and labour they effect, for they merely require to be washed in lukewarm water, then rinsed in cold water, and put in a rack to dry. Supposing, therefore, (which Mr. Carr does not admit,) that the milk, during a few weeks in summer, becomes sour sooner, and consequently throws up less cream, in glass than in wood, this disadvantage would be more than counterbalanced by the diminished expenditure of glass vessels, for, of course, where time and labour are saved, the number of domestics may be lessened.¹

Cow-houses in Holstein are generally twice as long as broad, and calculated for four cows lengthways, standing head to head, with passages between, floored with brick, and furnished with feeding and drinking troughs. One passage, if not both, is broad enough to admit a loaded hay-wagon, and is provided with large folding doors at each end, while there is also room behind the cattle sufficient to permit the manure being sledged out with a horse, without incommoding them. The lofty roof affords accommodation for hay and straw, which helps to keep the house warm in winter; the doors are kept shut as much as possible during that season, sufficient light being admitted by small glazed windows. The quantity of food which can be afforded to the cows during winter, is ascertained as soon as the harvest returns are known. In plentiful seasons the calculation is, that each cow should be allowed three sacks of grain, (generally oats, of 140lb. each sack,) 3,900lbs. of straw, including bedding, and 1,800lbs. of good hay; whilst for every hundred pounds of hay less, she receives twenty-five pounds of grain more, or *vice versa*.

There are three distinct breeds of cattle in the duchies, the native cow, the marsh cow, and the Jutland cow. The first is middle-sized, with fine head and horns, and moderately thick neck; the colour generally red or brown, though often yellow, black, or spotted. The district of Angeln produces the finest specimens of these cows, which are considered to yield more milk in proportion to the food they require, than any other kind. The marsh cows are large-boned, generally red, and requiring luxuriant pasture. They thrive well in the marshy delta of the Elbe, giving, when in full-milk, from twenty-four to thirty-two, or even forty quarts of milk daily; but the return of butter is much smaller and of inferior quality to that of the Angeln cattle. The Jutland cow is fine in bone, rather lengthy than deep in body; but not generally long-legged. The usual colours are grey, dun, or black, or either of these spotted with white. They are distinguished for fattening easily, and are not much prized for dairy purposes.

The average quantity of milk obtained from good stock is estimated at from 2,000 to 3,000 quarts per annum, according to the food and care bestowed on the

cows. The produce has been calculated thus—every 100 lbs. of milk will give $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of butter, 6 lbs. of fresh cheese, 14 lbs. of butter-milk, (exclusive of the water added before and after churning,) and 76 lbs. of whey; and though the different circumstances affecting the cows cause a great variety in the results, still it is considered a fair average that fifteen quarts of milk are required for a pound of butter; for although from some cows a pound may be obtained from twelve quarts; yet, others, and even the same cows at different seasons, and with different food, (such as beet, or raw potatoes,) will not produce a pound of butter from less than seventeen or eighteen quarts. On the whole, it is esteemed a fair return in these duchies, when the average produce of the dairy amounts to 100 lbs. of butter, and 150 lbs. of cheese, per cow.

The above particulars will, we doubt not, prove interesting to many of our readers, who may be concerned in the business of the dairy, and may, in some cases, supply a few hints of practical utility; for there is much to admire, and something to copy, in the numerous precautions taken by the Holstein dairy-farmer, to insure an article of first-rate excellence as the product of his industry.

THE HOLY CITY.¹

[First Notice.]

Rest of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn.
Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Slon, mourn!
Is this thy place? and city! this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone,
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
And the quick darting eye of restless fear;
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.

BISHOP HEBER.

No other city in the world possesses such remarkable claims on our attention as Jerusalem. Its unequalled antiquity, dimly appearing in the uncertainty of very early tradition; its eventful history in all ages; and its having so long been the scene of contention between Christian and infidel states; the prominent place it occupies in the sacred writings, as the Mountain of the Lord's House, where his glory visibly appeared; and the fact of its having been the scene of the ministry, death, and resurrection of our blessed Lord; these, and a hundred other unequalled claims, give to the Holy City an overwhelming importance, and invest it with an unrivalled sanctity.

The early history of Jerusalem is lost in the obscure mist of very remote ages. Some names of high authority support the testimony of Josephus—who probably represented the tradition of the Jewish church—that

(1) The recent liberation of glass from all duty, now affords manufacturers an opportunity of supplying our dairy farms with milk-pans made of that beautiful material.

(1) "The Holy City, or Historical and Topographical Notices of Jerusalem, with some account of its Antiquities, and of its present Condition. By the Rev. George Williams, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and late Chaplain to Bishop Alexander, at Jerusalem. With illustrations, from sketches by the Rev. W. F. Wills, B.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge." London: John W. Parker. 8vo. 1845.

the Salem of Melchizedec is identical with the Jerusalem of which David was the second founder. Nothing, however, is known of its origin, nor are writers agreed as to where it is first mentioned in holy Scripture. If the Jewish historian is correct in ascribing its foundation to Melchizedec, then may the Holy City boast of greater antiquity than any city in the world, and of a founder worthy of its future celebrity.

Jerusalem is not named by that title in Scripture until the time arrived for the fulfilment of the promise to Abraham, when the Israelites, under the command of Joshua, entered upon the possession of their inheritance. The decisive victory obtained by Joshua over the combined army was obtained on a plain distant about an hour from Jerusalem, and to the east of it. The king of Jerusalem, with his four allies, was taken and put to death; but we do not read that his city, like theirs, fell into the hands of the conquerors at this time. It was reserved for David to bring it under complete subjection. No sooner had he come into the undisputed sovereignty of the whole land, than he went to Jerusalem, and took the castle of Zion out of the hands of the Jebusites. This fortress came now to be called "The City of David." He took up his abode in the castle, and enlarged the city to a size worthy of the dignity of a royal city, and of the seat of government.

It is remarkable that in no part of canonical Scripture is any mention made of the fate of that most sacred object of veneration—the ark of the covenant, with its holy contents. Jewish tradition informs us that it had no place in the second temple; but its fate is nowhere recorded on any certain authority. The prevailing belief of the late Jewish church has been, that it is miraculously preserved in a secret chamber of most difficult access, in the sacred rock within the great mosque at Jerusalem, where it was deposited by King Josiah. But the chroniclers of the Crusades incline rather to the account referred to in the second book of the Maccabees, by which it is said to be securely hidden in a cave under Mount Nebo.

It was a wise caution, and worthy of imitation, which withheld an old historian of the church from commenting on the events connected with the early ministry of our blessed Lord, and those first years of the Christian church, of which it has pleased the divine Spirit to dictate an inspired history, lest the defects of a human narrative should detract from the dignity of actions which have been judged worthy of such a record. Eusebius informs us that the church at Jerusalem, from the period of its establishment to the time of the Emperor Adrian, was governed by fifteen bishops in succession, the first of whom was St. James the Just, the brother of our Lord, one of the Twelve, and the writer of that Catholic epistle which bears his name.

The return of the Christians to Jerusalem is placed by all the ancient authorities immediately after its destruction by Titus. The church maintained its virgin purity until the presidency of Justus, who succeeded St. Simeon, when it became tainted with heretical pravity. From this period to the reign of Adrian the records are very scanty; when the Jews were forbidden all access to the Holy City, which was again desecrated by the Romans. It was subsequently adorned with churches, and rendered illustrious as a Christian capital. Now occurred the important events of the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, and the erection of the Basilica of the Resurrection. Julian the Apostate encouraged the Jews to rebuild the temple, but by a miraculous interference they were prevented: fearful balls of fire broke forth with irresistible violence from near the foundations, scorched the workmen, and drove them from the place. In the seventh century Jerusalem was taken by Chosroes, king of Persia, when several of the churches, and part of the city, were destroyed. The sacred buildings having been restored, the Christian emperor Heraclius repaired in person to Jerusalem, carrying with him, according to Mr. Williams' narra-

tive, the true cross; the seals of the chest in which it was contained having continued unbroken during the Captivity. On the 14th of September, A.D. 629, a day still marked in the English calendar, and whose anniversary is celebrated with especial solemnity in other churches of the west and east, Heraclius, having laid aside his royal apparel, entered the Holy City clothed in mean garments, and barefoot, carrying on his shoulder the wood on which he supposed the redemption of the world had been accomplished.

It was during this century that the Arabian prophet arose, whose victorious arms soon subdued so many fair and fertile provinces. Jerusalem was besieged by his followers; but the patriarch refused to treat with any but the Khalif himself. Omar accordingly repaired to the Holy City; and they concluded articles of capitulation, remarkably favourable for the Christians. From this period they enjoyed peace and protection, until the accession to power of the family of Abbas, when they suffered from the caprice of that tyrannical and bloody house.

In the year 1094, Peter, a French hermit, came as a pilgrim to the Holy City; and his sympathy was awakened by the sufferings of the native church. He witnessed with righteous indignation the flagitious practices of its ruthless oppressors, who exposed them to insults in their holy places, and profaned their churches, and the sacred vessels, and the altars. Peter the Hermit resolved on rousing the western part of Christendom. The cause was strenuously taken up by Pope Urban II. The watch-word—claiming the Divine sanction for the undertaking—*Deus vult*, ran like wildfire through the countries of the west; and Europe was convulsed to its centre with preparations for the Holy War. Italy, France, and Germany, sent forth their willing thousands on this first Crusade; and the mighty hosts assembled under the command of their Christian princes and generals. Inspired by an enthusiasm which shrunk from no danger, the gallant army crossed the barren plain, the broad river, the rocky mountain, and the sandy desert, until the remnant that had escaped the perils of the way sat down under the walls of the Holy City, June 7, 1099.

They soon found, to their dismay, that all their efforts would be fruitless without the aid of machines. Trees were felled at a distance of six or seven miles from the city, and conveyed on camels. All distinctions of rank were forgotten: high and low, rich and poor, emulated each other. Exposed to the oppressive heat of a Syrian sun, beneath which they toiled incessantly, the Christian host underwent enormous suffering. To the horrors of drought, infection was shortly added, as many of the cattle had died for want of pasture. Having, after some weeks of arduous toil, completed their preparations, the day was fixed for the assault, and it was resolved to spend some time in the most solemn religious services, to bring down upon them the blessing of the Lord of Hosts. A procession of barefooted clergy was formed, who chanted solemn litanies; and proceeding to the Mount of Olives, their zeal was stimulated by sermons from Peter the Hermit and Aculphus.

At the dawn of day the soldiers of the Cross commenced the assault. Animated by a like spirit, they proposed to themselves one of two alternatives—victory or martyrdom. Even the aged and the sick, the women and children, took part in the fight. Night parted the combatants, which gave place to the dawn of the memorable 15th of July, when the battle was again renewed. But, after seven hours' hard fighting, the courage of the weary and dispirited besiegers began to flag, when a timely apparition on Mount Olivet, said to have been distinctly seen by the Christian princes, Duke Godfrey and his brother Eustachius, revived the dying embers of zeal. The outworks were soon carried; and the valiant brothers, at the head of a chosen band, carried the wall, when the besieged flew in all directions. The

northern gates were opened, and the Crusaders were masters of Jerusalem. It was on a Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, that the Holy City was taken; and the chroniclers do not fail to remark, that it seemed divinely ordered that at the very hour, and on the same day of the week, on which our Lord suffered, His followers were permitted to see the consummation of their wishes, in their triumph over His enemies.

How strange and unaccountable it appears that the soldiers of the Cross—who, before commencing the siege, had sought in humiliation and penitence the blessing of the Almighty, and besought Him to go forth with their hosts—should now, flushed with victory, and thirsting for blood, commit the most frightful and inhuman carnage! The transition in the events of this day, fills, perhaps, the most striking page in the history of enthusiasm. Having wearied themselves with slaughter, they laid aside their weapons, washed their blood-stained hands, and changed their garments;—then, with bare feet, and the most striking outward indications of humble spirit and contrite heart, and singing hymns of praise, they proceeded to the venerable places which their Saviour had deigned to adorn and sanctify by His presence. Pain would we close the scene here; but a darker tragedy of cold-blooded butchery was enacted three days after the capture of the city; when the surviving Moslems were most barbarously slaughtered in violation of the treaty.

The first act of the assembled princes, after the burial of the dead and the purification of the city, was the election of a king; and the personal merits and important services of Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, were not forgotten nor unrewarded. But the history of the Frank kingdom in Palestine can only be slightly glanced at. Its kings found their office one of great difficulty. The helmet was their crown, the coat-of-mail their robe of state, the heavens their royal canopy, and the saddle of the war-horse their throne. They extended their arms beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Only the warrior monks of the Temple, and the Knights of the Hospital of St. John, maintained their devotion to the Holy Sepulchre unimpaired, and earned for themselves a deathless fame.

Eighty-eight years after the conquest of the Crusaders, the green and yellow banners of the Moslems were unfurled before the walls of Jerusalem, at the hour of evening prayer. Again was the Holy City wrested from the Christians; again did the Mohammedan banners flaunt over its towers and battlements. The whole of Christendom was dismayed at the fall of Jerusalem, while the infidels rejoiced over the humbled Christians, and dragged, in dishonour, a golden cross through the streets. The subsequent history of Jerusalem may be told in few words. The defenceless state of the phoenix-like city was the protection of its inhabitants from further molestation during the expiring struggles of the Crusaders, whose ruin was hastened by the conquests of the first Mamluk sultan of Egypt, and consummated by the fall of Acre before the victorious arms of Kelason. The historical importance of Jerusalem terminates with the expulsion of the Franks from the country. In 1542, the Ottoman sultan, Soleiman, erected the well-built walls round the city, which remain to this day. From this period, not a year has passed for three successive centuries, without disputes between the three principal Christian communities which divide the city. In 1808, the churches of the Resurrection and of the Holy Gospels, with the buildings connected with them, were destroyed by fire. The heat was so excessive, that the marble columns which surrounded the circular building, in the centre of which stood the Holy Grotto, were completely pulverized. The molten lead from the immense dome which covers the Holy Sepulchre, poured down in torrents; yet the Holy Cave itself received not the slightest injury, externally or internally; the silk hangings remained unscathed by the flames, the smell of fire not having passed upon them. The churches, &c.

were restored in the following year, after the original models, at an immense expense, chiefly borne by the Greek Christians.

Of late years, the Holy City has shared the fortunes of Syria; having passed into the possession of Ibrahim Pasha in 1832, it was restored to the Ottoman power, after the memorable bombardment of Acre, in November 1840. Formerly subject to the pashalic of Damascus, it has latterly enjoyed the distinction of a resident pasha; but its tranquillity is liable, at any moment, to be disturbed by the lawless sheiks of the country, whose violence Ibrahim Pasha was alone able to repress by the terrors of the sword. So low has she now fallen, who defied for months the arms of Imperial Rome!

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

May.

THE "merry month of May" was the second in the old Alban Kalendar, the third in that of Romulus, and the fifth—the station it now holds—in the one instituted by Numa Pompilius. It consisted of twenty-two days in the Alban, and of thirty-one in Romulus's Kalendar; Numa deprived it of the odd day, which was restored by Julius Caesar. Some imagine that May was so called from the heathen goddess, Maia, the mother of Mercury. Brady says, that "Romulus continued to this month the name of Maius, out of respect to the senate appointed to assist him when he was elected king, who were distinguished by the epithet *Majores*." The Romans deemed it to be under the protection of Apollo. In the middle age it was dedicated to St. Mary, "when men," writes Mr. Digby, "would devoutly repeat her office as they walked in some garden, bright with the sweet hue of eastern sapphire that was spread over the serene aspect of the pure air, at the rising of the sun, and beheld the swans majestically resting on the limpid waters."

Our Saxon forefathers termed it *Tri-milki*, because at this season "they began to milk their kine three times in the day." *Me*, an evident corruption of May, was the old Cornish name of this month. May was anciently represented as a beautiful youth, clothed in robes of white and green, embroidered with daffodils and hawthorn blossoms, his head crowned with white and damask roses, holding a lute in one hand, and bearing, on the fore finger of the other, a nightingale. Spenser sings:—

"Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda; which on either side
Supported her, like to their sovereign Queen.
Lord! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,
And leap'd and danced as they had ravish'd been!
And Cupid self about her flutter'd all in green."

There is an allusion in the above stanza to Castor and Pollux, or Gemini, into which sign the sun enters on the 20th of May. This month and its beauties have been a popular theme of poetical celebration; but in England, and particularly since we have reckoned by the new style, a great part of it is frequently yet too cold for a perfect enjoyment of nature's loveliness, and sometimes injury is done to the flowers and young fruits, during its course, by blights and chilling winds. A cold and windy May, however, is accounted favourable to the corn; and an old Scotch proverb says:

"A wet May and a winnie
Brings a fou stackyard and a finnie;"

implying that rain in this month, and dry winds afterwards, produce a plentiful crop, with that mark of excellence by which grain is usually judged of by connois-

seurs—a good feeling in the hand. There is another rhyme, which is not over flattering to the favourite month of the poets :

"Till May be out
Change na a clout."

That is, thin not your winter clothing till the end of May—"A good maxim," says Mr. Chambers, "if we are to put faith in the great father of modern medicine, Boerhaave, who, on being consulted as to the proper time for putting off flannel, is said to have answered, "On Midsummer night, and put it on again next morning."

The latest summer birds of passage, the fern-owl, sedge and reed-warbler, spotted fly-catcher, field-lark, razor-bill, dobel, red-backed shrike, hobby, and land-rail, arrive about the beginning of this month. Most of our birds are hatching and rearing their young, and the males are in full song. The sulphur, peacock, tortoise-shell, and white cabbage butterflies are now on the wing; field-cricket, cock-chafers, grasshoppers, and glow-worms abound; and towards the end of May the bees send forth their early swarms. Fruit gardens now afford an agreeable though immature product in the young gooseberries and currants. Trees put on all their verdure. The lilac and hawthorn bloom. The flowers of the oak, chestnut, Scotch-fir, beech, hornbeam, holly, and alder trees, begin to open, and the orchards display all their charms in the delicate blush of the plum, cherry, pear, and apple blossoms. Meadows are thick with the bright young grass, "running into clouds of white and gold," with daisies and buttercups; the earth in woods is now shaded; and in dank and dark places is spread with yellow and blue patches of primroses; violets open among the mossy roots of old trees; lilies of the valley "nod their welcome to the little wren as she twitters upon pendant branches," and the orchis, the honeysuckle, germander, and columbine are in beauty. The hyacinth, standard tulip, laburnum, guelder rose, peony, wallflower, rhododendron, rocket, and stock, marygold, and anemone, bloom in the garden.

"All the earth is gay,
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May,
Does every beast keep holiday."

About the 12th of this month, or old May-day, cows are turned out to pasture. Their milk soon becomes rich and copious, and cheese-making begins, particularly in Cheshire, Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire. Potatoes and cow-cabbage are planted; trees are barked and felled, and corn is weeded. Children gather cowslips for wine, and the gardener sows flower seeds, and weeds his borders. May is generally considered an unlucky time for the celebration of marriage. "This," says Brand, "is an idea which has been transmitted to us by our popish ancestors, and was borrowed by them from the ancients."

May 1.—Feast of St. Philip and St. James.

MAY-DAY.

The celebration of the first of May is one of the oldest customs in the world, having come down from the earliest ages of Paganism, through various channels. "It must have been prompted," says a recent journalist, "by nature herself. The time of the young flower and leaf, and of all the promise which August fulfils, could not but impress the minds of the simplest people, and dispose them to joyful demonstrations in word and act." The sun, as the immediate author of the glories of the season, was now worshipped by the Celtic nations under the name of Baal; hence the festival of Beltein, still faintly observed in Ireland and other places. The

people kindle fires on the tops of their mountains on May-day, called Beal fires. This practice is to be traced in the mountainous and uncultivated parts of Cumberland, amongst the Cheviots, and in many parts of Scotland. Pennant relates,—"On the first of May, in the highlands, the herdsmen of every district hold their Beltein. They cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle. On that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk, and bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whisky, for each of the company must contribute something. The rite begins by spilling some of the caudle on the ground, by way of libation. On that, every one takes a cake of oatmeal, on which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. Each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulder, says—"This I give to thee, preserve thou my sheep; this I give to thee, preserve thou my horses;" and so on. After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals. 'This I give to thee, O fox! spare thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded crow! this to thee, eagle!' When the ceremony is over they dine on the caudle." Even in Ayrshire they kindled Baal's fire on the evening of May-day, till about the year 1790.

The European observance of May-day is principally derived from the Romans, who have left traces of it in all the countries they subdued. It was their festival of Flora, at which there was great display of flowers, and where women danced, if we are to believe Juvenal, "only too enthusiastically."

We gather from authentic sources that the Saxon Eldermen, going at this season to their Wittenagemote, or Assembly of Wise Men, left their peasantry to a sort of saturnalia, in which they chose a king, who chose his queen. He wore an oaken, and she a hawthorn wreath; and together they gave laws to the rustic sports, during those sweet days of freedom. The May-pole too, or the Column of May, as it was then called, was the grand standard of justice amongst our ancestors, in the *xx*-commons, or fields of May, and the garland hung on its top was the grand signal for convening the people. Here it was that they deposed or punished their governors, their barons, and kings. The first of May was also considered the boundary day that divided the confines of winter and summer, in allusion to which there was instituted a "sportful war" between two parties; the one in defence of the continuance of winter, the other for bringing in the summer. The youth were divided into troops, the one in winter livery, the other in the gay habit of spring. The latter were always sure to obtain the victory, which they celebrated by carrying triumphantly green branches with May-flowers, singing a song of joy, of which the burthen was in these or equivalent terms:

"We have brought the summer home."

"In England," remarks a late writer, "we have to go back a couple of hundred years for the complete May-day; since then it has gradually declined, and now it is almost extinct." When it was fully observed, "the business of the day began with the day itself," that is to say, at midnight. Shakspeare, in his play of Henry VIII., mentions that it was impossible to make the

people sleep on May-morning. Immediately after twelve had struck they were all astir, wishing each other a merry May. They then repaired to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. This done, they returned homewards about the time of sun-rise, and "made their doors and windows triumph in the flowery spoil."

In Herrick's "Hesperides" is the following allusion to this practice :—

"Come, my Corinna, come: and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove."

Stubbs, in the "Anatomie of Abuses," 1585, tells us, "Against May, every parish, town, and village, assemble themselves together, both men, and women, and children, old and young, even all indifferently: and either all going together, or dividing themselves into companies, they go, some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the night in pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch boughs, and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal." Stow records of the citizens of London, that they "of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morris-dancers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets." In some places "the Mayers" brought home a garland suspended from a pole, round which they danced. In others there was an established May-pole for the village. "Their chiefest jewel," says Stubbs, "is their May-pole, which they bring home with great veneration, as thus:—they have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied on the tip of his horns; and these oxen draw home this May-pole, (this stinking idol, rather,) which is covered all over with flowers and herbs, wound round about with strings from the top to the bottom, and sometimes painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men and women and children following it with great devotion; and thus being reared up with handkerchiefs and flags streaming on the top, they strew the ground about, bend green boughs about it, set up summer-halls, bowers, and arbours, hard by it. And then fall they to banquet and feast, and leap and dance about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself." The May-pole was often as tall as the mast of a sloop of fifty tons, and properly fixed in a frame to keep it upright. Once erected, it remained until nearly the end of the year, and was resorted to at all other seasons of festivity, as well as during May. Some even continued for years, being merely fresh ornamented, instead of being removed, as was the common practice. There were several throughout the city. Chaucer mentions the pole, or *shaft* in Leadenhall-street, higher than the steeple of the church of St. Andrew-under-shaft. Another, alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher, stood nearly on the site of St. Mary-le-Strand. Its successor was taken down in 1717, and conveyed to Wanstead, in Essex, where it became the support of a large telescope, the property of the Royal Society. Its original height was upwards of one hundred feet above the surface of the ground. It had two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, and was deco-

rated on public occasions with streamers and garlands. Pope thus perpetuates its remembrance :—

"Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand."

"Besides the principal May-pole," says Brady, "others of less dimensions were likewise erected in our villages, to mark the place where refreshments were to be obtained; hence the name of ale-stake is frequently to be met with in old authors, as signifying a May-pole." The regular "May-games" appear to have been introduced about the beginning of the 15th century. It seems to have been a constant practice at their celebration, to elect a Lord and Lady of the May, who presided over the sports, and were decorated with scarfs, ribbands, and other fineries. To the latter of these personages, a poem, published in 1625, contains the following allusion :—

"As I have seen the Lady of the May
Set in an harbour (on a holiday)
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund swains
Dance with their maidens to the bagpipe's strains."

It was customary also to personify that darling of England's yeomanry, Robin Hood, with several of his most noted associates: when this was the case, he presided as Lord of the May, and a female, or rather, perhaps, a boy attired like a female, called the Maid Marian, his faithful mistress, was the Lady of the May. His companions were distinguished by the title of "Robin Hood's men," and were also arrayed in appropriate dresses; their coats, hoods, and hose, were generally green. In the churchwardens' account for the parish of St. Helen's, Abingdon, Berks, dated 1566, is the following article :—"Paid for setting up Robin Hood's bower, eighteen-pence;" that is, a bower for the reception of the fictitious Robin Hood and his company, belonging to the May-day pageant. The fool, the dragon, and the hobby-horse, likewise formed part of the show. The last was a compound figure; the resemblance of the head and tail of a horse, with a light wooden frame for the body, was attached to the person who was to perform the double character, covered with trappings reaching to the ground, so as to conceal the feet of the actor, and prevent it being seen that the supposed steed had none. Thus equipped, he was to prance about, imitating the curvettings and motions of a horse. This worthy and the dragon are excellently figured in Nash's "Mansions of England in the olden time," first series, Plate XXV.; and their gambols, together with the entire manner in which a "May-game" was anciently performed, will be found fully described in Strutt's *Queenhoo Hall*. Such were the "festivities of youth and nature" in which our monarchs, especially Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James, used to participate. In the reign of the "maiden Queen," pageant seemed to have arrived at its greatest height: and the May-day revelries were celebrated in their fullest manner, and so they continued, attracting the attention of the royal and noble, as well as vulgar, till the close of the reign of James I. In "The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," is this entry :—"May 8th, 1602. On May-day, the Queen went a-Maying to Sir Richard, Buckley's, at Lewisham, some three or four miles off Greenwich." It is recorded by Hall that, in the seventh year of Henry VIII., that prince made a grand procession, with his queen, and many lords and ladies, from Greenwich to Shooter's-hill: "when, as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, with green hoods, and with bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred. One, being their chieftain, was called Robin Hood, who required the King and all his company to stay and see his men shoot: whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the two hundred archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled again, they likewise shot again: their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, Queen,

and their company." The royal retinue afterwards entered the "green wood," where, in arbours made with boughs, and decked with flowers, they were entertained by Robin and his men "to their great contentment, and had other pageants and pastimes." In Henry VI.'s time, the aldermen and sheriffs of London went to the Bishop of London's wood, in the parish of Stebenheath, and there had a worshipful dinner for themselves and other comers; and Lydgate, the poet, a monk of Bury, sent them, by a pursuivant, "a joyful commendation of that season, containing sixteen stanzas in metre royal."

May-poles and games were altogether suppressed during the Great Rebellion. In April, 1644, there was an ordinance of both Houses of Parliament "for taking down all and singular May-poles." At the Restoration these favourites of the populace, with all their jovial concomitants, were re-established. A May-pole, as we have remarked, remained in London until the beginning of the last century. About the same period, a learned foreigner relates that, "on the first of May, and the five and six days following, all the pretty young country girls that serve the town with milk, dress themselves up very neatly, and borrow abundance of silver plate, whereof they make a pyramid, which they adorn with ribands and flowers, and carry upon their heads, instead of their common milk-pails. In this "equipage," accompanied by some of their fellow milkmaids, and a bagpipe or fiddle, they go from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers, in the midst of boys and girls that follow them in troops, and every one gives them something. "The Mayings," says Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," published so recently as 1801, "are in some sort yet kept up by the milkmaids at London, who go about the streets with their garlands and music, dancing."

The milkmaids' "garland" of forty years ago, was a pyramidal frame, covered with damask, glittering on each side with polished silver plate, and adorned with knots of gay coloured ribands, and posies of fresh flowers, surmounted by a silver urn, or tankard. This "garland" being placed on a wooden frame, was carried by two men, sometimes preceded by a pipe and tabor, but more frequently by a fiddle; the gayest milkmaids followed the music, others the "garland," and they stopped at their customers' doors, and danced, as above related. The plate in some of the "garlands" was very costly. It was usually borrowed for the occasion of the pawnbrokers, upon security. It was customary for milk people of less profitable walks to make a display of another kind, less gaudy in appearance, but better bespeaking their occupation, and more appropriate to the festival. A beautiful country girl, more gaily attired than on any other day, with flowers in her hat and on her bosom, led her cow, by a rope depending from its horns, decorated with garlands and ribands; the horns, neck, and head of the animal were similarly ornamented; a fine net, like those upon ladies' palfries, tastefully stuck with flowers, covered the cow's back, and even its tail was adorned with "products of the spring," and silken knots. The proprietress of the cow followed on one side, in holiday array, with a sprig in her country bonnet, a nosegay in her handkerchief, and ribands on her stomacher. Even these faint shadows of the original sports of May-day have subsequently faded away in the metropolis, so that the green glories and flowery festivities of the season only survive, (if the grim show may not rather be deemed a posthumous pageant,) in the Saturnalia of the chimney-sweeping imps, "who," says Horace Smith, "with daubed visages, and bedizened in tinsel trumpery, hop around a faded Jack-in-the-green, to the dissonant clatter of their shovels and brushes."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Reading for the Young.



DRUIDICAL MONUMENTS.

In no other part of England are there so many Druidical monuments remaining as in Devon and Cornwall. The discoveries which Mr. Bray has made among the rocks at Dartmoor warrant the assertion, that, perhaps, there was not a more celebrated station of Druidism than on Dartmoor; one reason for this being the facilities which the masses of granite, everywhere strewn throughout the moor, and the tors that crowned the summit of every hill, afforded for the purpose of their altars, circles, obelisks, and logans (or rocking stones).

On the plains of Salisbury nature had done nothing for the grandeur of Druidism, and art had to do all. The architects of Egypt, who planned the Pyramids, like the Druids of Stonehenge, had a level country to contend with, and they gave to it the glory of mountains, as far as art may be said to imitate nature in the effects of her most stupendous works. On Dartmoor, the priests of the Britons appropriated the tors themselves as temples, so that what in level countries became the most imposing object, was here considered as a matter of comparative indifference. In such scenes a Stonehenge would have dwindled, in comparison with the granite tors, into insignificance; it would have been as a pyramid at the foot of Snowdon. These tors are rocks which lie piled mass on mass in horizontal strata. They are mostly found on the summits of the hills.

Perhaps the most remarkable logan, or rocking-stone, is in Cornwall, on the top of a ledge of high rocks near the Land's End. Though from 80 to 100 tons weight, it vibrates with the slightest pressure of the hand. In the month of April, in the year 1824, whilst the "Nimble" cutter was lying off the Land's End, on the preventive service, the lieutenant in command, with fourteen of his men, after much perseverance, by means of hand pikes, and a hand screw, called by sailors *jack in the box*, succeeded in overthrowing this stone. This inconsiderate and mischievous act excited great indignation throughout Cornwall, and the officer received orders from the Admiralty to repair, if possible, and at his own expense, the mischief he had done; and in December in the same year, after three days' labour and exertion, the logan stone was replaced upon its point of equilibrium, and now rocks as before. Its replacement was a most impressive sight. Greater multitudes than were ever before collected on that wild coast were assembled to behold an attempt which required all the skill and coolness of British seamen. Large chain cables were fastened round

the stone, and attached to the blocks by which it was lifted; and this was effected by the aid of three pair of large sheers, six capstans, worked by eight men each, and numerous pulleys. On the first day the rock was swung in the air by this complicated tackling, in the presence of about two thousand persons; much anxiety was expressed as to the success of the undertaking; the ropes were much stretched, and the pulleys, the sheers, and the capstans, all shrieked and groaned; the noise of the machinery being audible at some distance. Sufficient stays, however, were supplied to prevent accident, and the united efforts of sixty men were employed. On the third day, as the rock hung suspended over the place from which it had been thrown down, the person who directed the proceedings asked of the spectators, whether it was in the exact position. One man, who seemed to speak with the certainty of accurate knowledge, and to whose judgment others deferred, advised a little movement to one side, and, when his approbation was given, the stone was let down. As soon as this was done, the men who had been employed in replacing it fell on their knees and thanked God that no life had been lost; and it was not till they rose from this act of spontaneous devotion, that the multitude, who had been kept silent first by expectant suspense, and then by the devotional feelings which they partook, filled the air with their huzzas!

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE COTTAGE HOME.¹

Ort have I roam'd amid the hills
With sense of awe that inly thrills,
And listen'd to each sound
Which gives so deep an emphasis
To silence, and makes loneliness
Seem only more profound.

I've pass'd through crowded street and mart,
With yet more solitude of heart
Than ever yet was mine,
When, wandering "in untrod den ways,"
Wild nature to my awe-struck gaze
Reveal'd her inner shrine.

Fitful of mood—by impulse away'd,
How oft we make the sun and shade
Which lights or dims our way;
View'd through some medium of our own,
Now seems our path with weeds o'ergrown,
And now with roses gay.

But yesterday, at Fancy's call,
I sought the rushing waterfall,
The wild and lonely glen;
To-morrow, it may be my mood,
To mingle with the multitude,
And list "the hum of men."

Meanwhile, 'tis mine well-pleased to view,
'Twixt both extremes a medium true,
In this low cottage-home;

(1) See Engraving, page 1.

For here I find society,
From noise, and strife, and tumult free,—
Seclusion without gloom.

Those little curly-pated elves,
Blest in each other and themselves,
Right pleasant 'tis to see
Glancing like sunbeams in and out
The lowly porch, and round about
The ancient household tree.

And pleasant 'tis to greet the smile
Of her who rules this domicile
With firm but gentle sway;
To hear her busy step and tone,
Which tell of household cares begun
That end but with the day.

'Tis pleasant too to stroll around
The tiny plot of garden ground,
Where all in gleaming row
Sweet primroses, the spring's delight,
And double daisies, red and white,
And yellow wall-flowers grow.

What if such homely view as this
Awaken not the high-wrought bliss
Which loftier scenes impart!
To better feelings sure it leads,
If but to kindly thoughts and deeds,
It prompt the feeling heart.

Recollections of the Lakes, [by Mrs. Hay.]

THE DEER.

BY RAOHEL L.

In the long summer days, in the shade of green trees,
Whose thickly leaved branches scarce stir in the breeze,
When the bright sun looks down from the cloudless blue sky,
In the depth of the wood live my children and I.
We drink the pure stream as it babbles along,
And refreshing to hear is its soft murmured song;
The greenest young branches we pluck for our food,
And crop the young herbage we find in the wood.
We are blithesome and gay, when the winter is past,
To think the warm sunshine is coming at last;
And our bright eyes keep watch o'er the violets' beds,
To see 'mid the broad leaves the first purple heads;
And our hearts are made merry the whole of the day,
When the snows of old Winter are melted away.
The cuckoo we welcome, and see with delight
Each feathery songster return from his flight.
Then the hot summer comes, and we stand in the stream,
With its bright gravelled bottom, and sound like a dream;
We watch the young saplings that darken and grow,
Till each is beginning a shadow to throw.
In the joy of sweet summer we run, skip, and bound,
Tossing high our proud antlers, scarce touching the ground,
Scarce brushing the dew-drops from off the long grass,
Scarce stirring the scent of the flowers as we pass.
We know well how the seasons are hastening on
By the sounds and the sights that are come and are gone.

Then the autumn arrives, with its bright coloured flowers,
And its bunches of ripe nuts, that tumble in showers.
If in passing or browsing we shake the green trees,
Or they're stirred by the sound of the cool evening breeze.
But the winter is coming with crisp white snow,
And the bleak northern wind is preparing to blow,
And the golden leaves falling seem softly to say,
"The flowers and the sun-beams are going away."

Yet the winter will pass, and the young birds will sing
Another sweet song to another green spring.

O when your cheek glows and your eye kindles bright,
And your hearts are made glad by the merry sunlight,
Then think of the deer in his forest of green,
And the many sweet sights that he may have seen;
Nor neglect to make use of your time all you can,
For there is but one spring-time that cometh to man.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

A RAILWAY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

A FEW years ago it was a fatiguing tour of many weeks to reach the Falls of Niagara from Albany. We are now carried along at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, on a railway often supported on piles, through large swamps covered by aquatic trees and shrubs, or through dense forests, with occasional clearings, where orchards are planted by anticipation among the stumps, before they have even had time to run up a log-house. The traveller views with surprise, in the midst of so much unoccupied land, one flourishing town after another, such as Utica, Syracuse, and Auburn. At Rochester he admires the streets of large houses, inhabited by 20,000 souls, where the first settler built his log-cabin in the wilderness only twenty-five years ago. At one point our train stopped at a handsome newly-built station-house, and, on looking out at one window, we saw a group of Indians of the Oneida tribe, lately the owners of the broad lands around, but now humbly offering for sale a few trinkets, such as baskets ornamented with porcupine quills, moccasins of moose-deer-skin, and boxes of birch bark. At the other window stood a well-dressed waiter, handing ice and confectionery. When we reflect that some single towns, of which the foundations were laid by persons still living, can already number a population equal to all the aboriginal hunter tribes who possessed the forest for hundreds of miles around, we soon cease to repine at the extraordinary revolution, however much we may commiserate the unhappy fate of the disinherited race.—*Lyell's Travels in North America*.

A DILEMMA!

WITH the utmost possible despatch a handsome letter arrived from the Emperor (of China), agreeing in full with H. B. M.'s plenipotentiary's demands, and stating that his Imperial Majesty regarded alike all outside and inside subjects; and that due consideration should in future be shown to all of us. This instantly called forth a reply, to show that we by no means considered ourselves his subjects, outside or inside; the letter concluding with this remarkable sentence—"That H. B. Majesty owned no superior but God." This was given to the interpreter to translate into Chinese. After long consideration, they all declared, that such was the imperfection of the Chinese language, that the only way in which they could translate the sentence, was by placing the word "emperor" in Chinese for the word "God;" thus rendering the sense precisely and diametrically opposed to what was intended. Eventually, they found themselves obliged to make use of the expression, "the Emperor's father;" paternal respect being carried so far, that this is the best expression they could adopt, which would in any way serve to explain their meaning.—*Captain Cunyngham's Recollections*.

THE KING AND THE BIRD-CATCHER.

A FEW years before the King's death a dealer in singing birds from the Prussian part of the Hartz mountains came to Berlin, and called at the palace to express, in what he thought the best way, his thanks for the kindness which had been shown to his sons, who were soldiers—namely, by presenting to the King a so-called piping bull-finch, which, with enduring patience, he had taught to pipe the national air of "Hail! Frederick William," &c., throughout and correctly—this being the only instance of perfect success. The King smiled, and ordered the bird-fancier to be shown up, who having placed the cage containing the interesting songster on the table, the bird, after some kindly words from its music master, went through the practised air with all the solemnity of a cathedral priest, to the surprise and amusement of the King, whose delight increased when, on his saying, "Da Capo," the bird piped the air again. To the question, "What's the price?" the pleased Papageno replied, "I won't take money for him; but if my dear King will accept the bird, and love him, the bare thought of his piping in the King's chamber will make me the happiest man of our Hartz, and the first bird-catcher in the world." The King felt good-will towards the honest fellow, who stood before him unabashed in his linen jacket; and Timm, who had been summoned, received his Majesty's command to have a room prepared for the bird-fancier in the adjoining wing of the palace, who was more than once summoned into the King's presence, who inquired minutely as to the localities of his part of the Hartz, and was amazed at his sensible and frank replies. During this stay Timm adroitly obtained such knowledge of his private circumstances and views as contented the King. When the time for the man's departure came, Timm franked him by the diligence. Arrived at home, he found to his utter astonishment that the mortgage of 500 dollars on his house had been paid off by command of his Majesty. Thus was his unhopd-for but highest earthly desire accomplished whilst he was enjoying the sights in Berlin.—*Van Eyler's Life of the late King of Prussia*.

Tests are, as it were, sauce, whereby we are recreated, that we may eat with more appetite; but, as that were an absurd banquet in which there were few dishes of meat, and much variety of sauces, and that an unpleasant one where there were no sauce at all; even so that life were spent idly, where nothing were but mirth and jollity; and again, that tedious and uncomfortable, where no pleasure or mirth were to be expected.—*Sir T. More*.

If there is any one eminent criterion, which, above all the rest, distinguishes a wise government from an administration weak and improvident, it is this—"well to know the best time and manner of yielding what it is impossible to keep."—*Burke*.

WHETHER I am praised or blamed, says a Chinese sage, I make it fare to my advancement in virtue. Those who commend, I conceive to point out the way I ought to go; those who blame me, as telling me the dangers I have run.

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The Croak of the Isle of Aok.

(See page 28.)

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SCHILLER.

POETRY and imaginative literature must always suffer from translation; and thus it is impossible duly to estimate their merit, where we cannot read them in their proper tongue. But no poets and imaginative writers have suffered so deeply in the estimation of our countrymen, as those of Germany. This, at first, appears paradoxical; since the German language is exactly that, of all others, (unless we except the kindred dialects) which is most easily transferred into our own, and the spirit of which has the closest affinity with the English. But the cause is external to the nature of the subject. Prejudice was early excited against German literature, and on two very distinct grounds, moral and literary. About the time of the first French revolution, anarchical and immoral publications were imported from Germany no less than from France. German poetry, indeed, was born at a period when all departments of literature were more or less tainted with revolutionary

principles, which were too hastily identified with the temper of the people; and, as it was from translations of lax writings that the idea of German literature was mainly collected by the English public, it was concluded that all German fiction must be anarchical and immoral. It seems needless seriously to rebut such a conclusion. From the literature of our own country, probably the purest in the world, it would be easy to export an equivalent for our imported German impurities. It is to be admitted, however, that most of the noblest productions of German imagination have appeared since the period alluded to. Another objection was, that the literature of Germany was not modelled on the principles of those of Greece and Rome, which were supposed to be the casting-moulds of the English mind; though, in reality, a French caricature was the standard, and the reader of Racine flattered himself that he understood Sophocles. It was forgotten that the great charm of the Greek literature was its originality and freshness; and that thus the qualities condemned in

the German were really the very same which those inconsistent censors admired in the Greek.

These prejudices are not wholly passed away; but a better and a juster spirit is awakening. The German writers gave an impulse to the poetry of our own country, and sent our language to its native resources. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, among the foremost—all more or less influenced by German literature—have rescued us from being mere imitators. We have, accordingly, revised our condemnation of our German brethren, and sought to be better acquainted with them. The result has been that we have found our judgment as erroneous as it was rash. We find the imaginative literature of Germany perhaps the noblest and most splendid in the world, next to our own, and even more copious.

It must be remembered that it is only of the imaginative part of German literature that we are here treating. With its refinements in metaphysics, and its melancholy wanderings in theology, we are not now concerned. That portion which we have here been considering, is not only little affected by these things, but favourable and conducive to worthier objects. We are not unaware that the case of Goethe, the most conspicuous of German imaginative writers, may be cited as an example against us. Yet, eminent as he is, he is but one; and from his voluminous writings much might be selected which would even strengthen our position.

Our present purpose, however, is to apply these remarks to the compositions of Schiller, a writer who disputes with Goethe himself the throne of German imagination, but whose imaginative writings, with little more than one early well-known exception, are conducive to pure amusement or elevated instruction. It is not, of course, our intention to present a formal criticism on compositions so varied and so numerous as Schiller's. We shall prefer illustrating, in broad outline, his more celebrated pieces, in connexion with a biographical sketch, which will, with our brief extracts and criticisms, serve the purpose of mutual illustration. Our source will be chiefly a memoir, written in the year 1812, by his friend Körner of Dresden, father of the youthful patriot whose biography we have sketched in a former number. From the year 1785, he was one of Schiller's most intimate friends, and wrote from personal knowledge chiefly; and, when this was not the case, from the most authentic information. This sketch we shall illustrate, where convenient, from the lives of Schiller, by Mr. Carlyle and Sir Bulwer Lytton; the latter of whom is not only an able biographer, but an abbreviator of those who had the best opportunities for the successful prosecution of the task.

John Christopher Frederick Schiller, best known by the last of his Christian names, was born November 10, 1759, at Marbach, on the Neckar, in the duchy of Württemberg. His father, John Caspar Schiller, was originally an army surgeon, who afterwards entered the army itself, and ended his days as manager of a very extensive nursery-plantation at Ludwigsburg, belonging to the duke. Though not a well-educated man, he strove to compensate this defect by diligent labour; and a thanksgiving prayer of his is still extant, written after his son had attained celebrity, in which he commemorates the fact, that, from the birth of his son, he had not ceased to pray that the deficiencies of his boy's educational means might in some way be supplied to him. He appears to have been a good parent and a good man: nor were the excellencies of his wife inferior. She was affectionately attached to her husband and her children, and mutually and deeply beloved. Although of slender education, she could relish the religious poetry of Utz and Gellert. The early characteristics of young Schiller, as described by Körner, were piety, gentleness, and tenderness of conscience. He received the rudiments of his education at Lorch, a frontier village of the Württemberg territory, where his parents were residing from 1765 to 1768. His tutor here was a parochial minister, named Moser, after whom, perhaps, he drew

the character of Pastor Moser, in "The Robbers." The son of this tutor was his earliest friend, and is thought to have excited the desire which he long felt of entering the ministry.

Schiller's poetical temperament was early developed. When scarcely past the period of infancy, it is said, he was missed during a thunderstorm. His father sought him, and found him in a solitary place, on a branch of a tree, gazing on the scene. On being reprimanded, he is said to have replied, "The lightning was very beautiful, and I wished to see whence it came." Another anecdote of his childhood is better authenticated. At the age of nine years, he, and a friend of the like age, received two kreutzers apiece for repetition of their catechism in church. This money they resolved to invest in a dish of curds and cream at Harteneck; but here the young adventurers failed to obtain the desired delicacy, while the whole four kreutzers were demanded for a quarter cake of cheese, without bread! Thus foiled, they proceeded to Neckarweihingen, where they accomplished their object for three kreutzers, having one to spare for a bunch of grapes. On this, young Schiller ascended an eminence which overlooks both places, and uttered a grave poetical anathema on the barren land, and a like benediction on the region of cream.

On his father's return to Ludwigsburg, young Schiller, then nine years old, first saw the interior of a theatre. This circumstance seemed at once to disclose his genius. From that moment, all his boyish sports had reference to the drama; and he began to forecast plans for tragedies. Not that his inclination to the profession of his early choice diminished. He only regarded dramatic literature and exhibitions as amusements and relaxations from severer pursuits. He now continued his studies in a school at Ludwigsburg, where he was conspicuous for energy, diligence, and activity of mind and body. The testimonials which he here received induced the duke to offer him a higher education, in a seminary at Stuttgart, which he had lately founded. His father, who felt his obligations to the duke, and not least the favour which was now offered him, reluctantly abandoned his original intention of indulging his son with the profession of his wishes; and young Schiller, still more reluctantly, in 1773, surrendered the Church for the bar. In the following year, when each scholar of the establishment was called on to delineate his own character, he openly avowed "that he should deem himself much happier if he could serve his country as a divine." And he found legal studies so little attractive, that, on the addition of a medical school to the establishment, in 1775, he availed himself of the duke's permission to enrol himself a member.

During this period, Schiller was not inattentive to the revolution, or rather, creation, than working in the poetry of Germany. The immense resources of the German language were, in great measure, unknown to the Germans themselves. They studied and composed in the classical tongues, and, finding their own so far removed from those which they contemplated as the only models, regarded it as barbarous; or, if they condescended to use it, endeavoured to cast both words and sentiments in a classical mould. But there were minds among them who were beginning to perceive that the defects of German literature were not inherent, but the natural result of endeavouring to bind a singularly free and original language to rules and imagery foreign to its genius. Klopstock, Utz, Lessing, Goethe, and Gerstenberg, were, in different manners and degrees, of this order. From the study of these, Schiller caught the spirit of a German originality, which he afterwards so remarkably contributed to advance. Becoming, about the same time, acquainted (through Wieland's translation) with the writings of Shakspeare, he studied them with avidity and delight; though, as he acknowledges, with an imperfect comprehension of their depth. During his residence at Stuttgart, he had composed an epic, entitled "Moses," and a tragedy called "Cosmo de"

Medici," part of which was afterwards worked up in "The Robbers." But he had no sooner decided on the medical profession, than he resolved to abandon poetry for two years. He wrote a Latin treatise "On the Philosophy of Physiology," and defended a thesis "On the Connexion of the Animal and Spiritual Natures in Man." He afterwards received an appointment as a military surgeon, and was esteemed able in his profession. On the expiration of his probational course, he held himself free to prosecute his favourite study. Accordingly, in the year 1780, the famous play of "The Robbers" saw the light. It was published at his own expense, no bookseller venturing to undertake it.

Of the genius displayed in this work there can be but one opinion. The language of Coleridge concerning it is very remarkable :

"Schiller! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry!
That in no after-moment aught less vast
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
From the more withering scene diminish'd past.
Ah! bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye,
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!"

Nevertheless, the defects of this work are not less glaring than its power is unquestionable; nor are these defects literary only. The sympathies of the reader are in part enlisted on the side of crime; while the whole spirit of the play but too well coincides with the tumultuous character of that period. And yet, we believe it is not less truly than finely said by Sir Bulwer Lytton, "Nothing could be further from the mind of the boy from whose unpractised hand came this rough Titan sketch, than to unsettle virtue, in his delineations of crime. Virtue was then, as it continued to the last, his ideal; and if at the first he shook the statue on its pedestal, it was but from the rudeness of the caress that sought to warm it into life." Schiller's religious and virtuous feelings had, however, unconsciously to himself, been deteriorated by the French sceptical writers. Voltaire moved his scorn and disgust; but abhorrence of filth will not save us from pollution, if we permit its contact. Rousseau, insidious and visionary, harmonized but too well with the temperament of the earnest and contemplative youth; we know from the painful evidence of a little poem of Schiller's, bearing the name of that subtle anarchy, that the influence had been but too effective; and we trace the fact even more distinctly in the "Philosophical Letters." But it would seem from his own testimony, no less than from general evidence, that the military despotism which was the constitution of the seminary at Stuttgart was the real creative principle of the "Robbers." It furnished Schiller's idea of order and government, while his own restlessness beneath that rigid coercion supplied his notion of liberty. It was from a translation of the "Robbers," that the general tendency of German literature, and of the drama particularly, was estimated in England. The "Robbers" could not long be a stranger to the stage. The Freiherr von Dalberg, manager of the theatre at Mannheim, produced it on his boards in 1782. Schiller was present at the two first representations in January and May of that year. His absence, however, was known to the duke, and he was placed under arrest for a fortnight.

But his misfortunes did not end here. A passage in the "Robbers" gave offence to the Grisons,⁽¹⁾ who complained to the duke against his subject. The result was that Schiller was prohibited from all but professional writing, and commanded to abandon all connexion with other states. But Körner informs us

(1) He had called their country "the thief's Athens."

that, however exasperated at the time, he spoke in cooler moments kindly of the duke, and even justified his proceeding, which was not directed against the poet's genius, but his ill-taste. He, indeed, even dwelt warmly on the duke's paternal conduct, who gave him salutary advice and warning, and asked to see all his poetry. This was resolutely refused; and the refusal, as might be expected, was not inoffensive. Yet the duke seems not to have renounced his interest in his young favourite, for no measures were taken against him or his family on his subsequent departure from Stuttgart, and Schiller even paid a visit to them during the duke's life, without any molestation. For this departure he wished the duke's permission, and endeavoured, through his friend Dalberg, to obtain it; but, impatient at the tediousness of the negotiations, he took advantage of the festivities occasioned by the visit of the Archduke Paul of Russia, in October, 1782, and left Stuttgart unperceived.

His mother and sister were in the secret; his father had not been informed, lest loyalty and military subordination should compel disclosure to the duke. There was another person left behind, in whom rumour attributes an interest to Schiller, though we are not informed whether she was apprised of his flight. This was the widow of a military officer, to whom, it is said, Schiller had paid his addresses, and who is by some supposed to be the "Laura" of his early poems. A youth named Streicher was the companion of his wanderings. All Schiller's fortune lay in his tragedy, "The Conspiracy of Fiesco at Genoa," which he had, for the most part, composed when under arrest. Arrived at Mannheim, he recited his play to the stage-manager, Meier, (for Dalberg was at Stuttgart,) with little success. His Swabian dialect, and unmelodious declamation, drove away all his audience save Iffland, to whose personation his "Francis Moor" in "the Robbers" had been deeply indebted. But, on a perusal, Meier acknowledged the real merit of "Fiesco," and agreed to produce it on the stage, if Schiller would make the requisite alterations. Meanwhile, Schiller and his friend were warned, by letters from Stuttgart, that their position at Mannheim was perilous. They accordingly once more took flight, and, after many hardships, took up their quarters at an inn at Oggersheim, where "Fiesco" was completed, and "Cabal and Love" begun. While at this place, Schiller was offered an asylum at Bauerbach, near Meinungen, an estate of Madame von Wollzogen, with whose sons he had studied at Stuttgart. Having disposed of his "Fiesco" to a bookseller, he with alacrity accepted the generous offer, and Streicher pursued his way to Hamburg. At Bauerbach, Schiller found repose and appliances for study; finished "Cabal and Love," and sketched "Don Carlos." Of the two first of these works our limits will not permit us to speak. They are not without evidence of their author's genius; but they are not less evidential of a taste which he lived to correct, and which, even at this period, he was correcting.

"Don Carlos" is an immeasurable advance into the regions of taste and order. The wild irregular prose of the previous dramas is exchanged for rich and melodious blank heroic verse: the characters are no longer the crude imaginations of an undisciplined ardour, but finished studies from nature, in historical prototypes; no longer bold distorted sketches, but richly, yet chastely, coloured pictures; no longer flung together in heedless and disorderly profusion, but grouped with consummate art and sense of harmony. Yet it is probable that the historian has in this work encroached upon the poet, and rendered it in parts obscure, and the connexion not always palpable. It is far less lucid than the great dramatic writings which formed the labours of Schiller's later days. A considerable interval elapsed between the composition of the first and last portions; and, as the former was printed, the drama could not well be rewritten, to make it harmonize with Schiller's altered feelings and opinions; but it spoke a great promise, and gave earnest of a faithful performance.

It has been ably translated by Francis Herbert Cottrell, Esq.

In 1785, Schiller took up his residence at Mannheim, where he occupied himself with theatrical projects. From this place he wrote to Madame von Wollzogen, soliciting the hand of her daughter Charlotte; but it appears that the attachment was not mutual, though Schiller always continued to be received in the most friendly manner by Madame von Wollzogen and her daughters. Perhaps the young lady herself regarded Schiller's as rather a preference than an affection, which she seems to have been justified in doing, as, not long after, he formed an attachment to Margaret, daughter of his friend Schwann the bookseller; a lady whom some suppose to have been his "Laura." During this period he wrote essays on dramatic subjects, edited a periodical called "The Rhenish Thalia," composed a poem called "Conrad of Swabia," and a second part of the "Robbers," to harmonize the incongruities of the first. Some scenes of his "Don Carlos," appearing in the "Thalia," attracted the notice of the reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was then on a visit to the court of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt. The duke was a lover of literature, and a poet, and he appointed Schiller a member of his council. In March, 1785, Schiller removed to Leipzig, where his poetry had prepared him many friends, and from this year commenced what is called "the second period" of Schiller's life. He spent the summer at a village in the neighbourhood, named Golis, surrounded by warm and affectionate hearts. It was during this time that he wrote his "Ode to Joy." But his joy was fated to be overclouded. He wrote to Schwann soliciting a union with his daughter; a request to which he had no anticipation of refusal, as he and the young lady had corresponded; and, had his destiny rested in her hands, there can be little doubt that he would not have been doomed to disappointment. The father, however, had apparently seen enough of Schiller's habits to infer that his wealth was not likely to equal his fame, and the poet was once more met with a refusal.

From the friendly circle at Leipzig he removed to Dresden the same year. Here he completed his "Don Carlos," which he recast, as far as was practicable; and is thought to have assimilated his princess Eboli to a certain Fräulein A—, a great beauty of that city. Here, too, he sketched the plan of a drama which he named "The Misanthrope;" collected materials for a history of the revolt of the Netherlands, under Philip II.; and wrote his strange romance of "The Ghost Seer;" a work suggested by the quackeries of Cagliostro. At this period, also, were written the "Philosophical Letters," before alluded to. In 1787 he repaired to Weimar, where he was received with great enthusiasm by Herder and Wieland. Here he undertook the management of a periodical called "The German Mercury," which he enriched with several contributions in verse and prose, and to which he imparted new life and vigour. In the same year he received an invitation from Madame von Wollzogen to visit her at Meinungen. On his return thence he made a brief sojourn at Rudolstadt, but a memorable one, as it was here that he saw the Fräulein von Langefeld. This event called forth the following observations in a letter to a friend:

"I require a medium through which to enjoy other pleasures. Friendship; taste, truth, and beauty would operate on me more powerfully, if an unbroken train of refined, beneficent, domestic sentiments attuned me to joy, and renewed the warmth of my torpid being. Hitherto I have been an isolated stranger wandering about amid nature, and have possessed nothing of my own. I yearn for a political and domestic existence. For many years I have known no perfect happiness, not so much for want of opportunities, as because I rather tasted pleasures than enjoyed them, and wanted that even, equable, and gentle susceptibility which only the quiet of domestic life bestows."

It may be well imagined that Schiller repaired to Rudolstadt again, as early as possible. He spent the following summer there, and partly at Volkstädt, in

the same neighbourhood. Here he cultivated the friendship of the Langefeld family, and extended the circle of his friends; and during this sojourn he made his first acquaintance with Goethe. His first impressions of the great master of German imagination are thus detailed:—

"On the whole, my truly high ideas of Goethe has not been diminished by this personal intercourse; but I doubt whether we shall ever approach very closely. Much which is yet interesting to me, much which is yet among my wishes and my hopes, has with him lived out its period. His whole being is, from the first, very differently constituted from mine; his world is not mine. Our modes of imagination are essentially distinct. However, no certain and well-grounded intimacy can result from such a meeting. Time will teach further."

And the lesson was soon imparted; especially when it is considered that all Goethe's prejudices were revolted by "The Robbers," and that he had actually avoided an interview as long as possible. But in a few months Goethe's interest in Schiller, and high estimate of his abilities, were practically exemplified. "The Revolt of the Netherlands" had in part seen the light, and obtained high reputation for Schiller as a historian. By the efforts of Goethe, he was now appointed to the Chair of History in the University of Jena.

In this situation Schiller laboured diligently, not only in reading and writing history, but also in the continued cultivation of poetry. He was at all times, as such a mind might be expected to be, devoted to classical literature. But, at this period, he imposed on himself a course of this study with a direct view to the purification of taste and style. He studied Homer profoundly, and with great delight. He translated into German the "Iphigenia in Aulis" (with the exception of the last scene), and a part of the "Phœnissæ" of Euripides. His freedom, yet accuracy, particularly in the former of these translations, can scarcely be sufficiently admired. He projected a version of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, a play in which he much delighted. Bürger visited him at Weimar, in 1789, and the friends agreed to translate the same passage of Virgil, each in a metre of his own selection. These studies had a perceptible influence on his poetry, particularly his dramas.

Schiller's inaugural lecture at Jena was attended by an audience of more than 400; nor did it disappoint the high expectation which had been formed of it. His pen was now a ready and certain source of emolument; a "History of the Thirty Years' War," and a "German Plutarch," among various minor literary enterprises, were put in preparation. He was admired and caressed by the great; a pension was assigned him by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and there was now no obstacle to the fulfilment of his dearest wishes. In February, 1790, he had the happiness to obtain the hand of the Fräulein von Langefeld. We here cast together, from several of his letters, as selected by Körner, passages descriptive of his enjoyment:—"It is quite another life, by the side of a beloved woman, from that which I led before, so desolate and solitary; even in summer, I now, for the first time, enjoy beautiful Nature entirely, and live in her. All around me is arrayed in poetic forms, and within me, too, they are oft stirring. What a beautiful life am I now leading! I gaze around me with joyful spirit, and my heart finds an everduring gentle satisfaction from without! my soul experiences such sweet support and refreshment! My being moves in harmonious evenness; not overstrained by passion, but calm and bright are the days which I pass. I look forward on my destiny with cheerful spirit; standing at the goal of my desires, I am myself astonished to think how all has succeeded beyond my expectations. Destiny has overcome my difficulties, and brought me smoothly to the end of my career. From the future I have every thing to hope. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my mind; nay, I even hope to return to youth; the poet-life within me will restore it."

This language, while it proves the writer's affection

purity, and elevation of mind, conveys a painful impression that his worldly happiness had rendered him insensible, at least for a time, to considerations which are not less needful in such moments than amid the darkest sorrows; but of which our ingratitude then most loses sight, when the love which would awaken them is most conspicuous. How little do we know our real happiness, when we envy the sunshine of Schiller's heart, or repine in the night of solitude and abandonment! In that sunshine he had lost sight of the pole-star whereby alone his voyage could be directed, and which is ever clearest when other lights are away. In his prosperity, like the Psalmist, he had said, "I shall never be moved;" and, too probably, even without the pious acknowledgment which qualified that presumption, "Lord, by thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." For though Schiller, under all circumstances, had never lost the first fresh devotional feelings of his boyhood, and had admitted doubts with pain, and desired to escape from them, yet he could not be as one whose faith was steadfastly grounded on the sure rock of Revelation. Like the Psalmist, however, he could add, "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled." Mercy and chastisement, each involved in the other, overtook him in the beginning of the following year. He was afflicted with a severe attack of disease of the chest, from which, though "fifteen years were added to his life," he never recovered. His whole frame was shattered; and repeated relapses left him incapable of public lectures and every other laborious exertion. The diminution of income consequent on this calamity added much to its severity. But this was not long to be a part of his distress. The Crown Prince of Denmark, and the Count von Schimmelmann, offered him a salary of 1000 thalers for three years, with a delicacy and kindness, as he informs us, not less gratifying than the boon itself. Unembarrassed now by narrow circumstances and public duties, he gave himself to the study of metaphysics. He had formed, at Jena, the friendship of Paulus, Schütz, Hufeland, and Reinhold; and by them he was initiated in the philosophy of Kant, which he has exemplified in some of his prose writings. To this Sir Bulwer Lytton attributes the Christian conviction and religious tone which, after this period (so marked as to be called "the third" in Schiller's Life), pervades his compositions. We would rather ascribe it to the teaching of sickness, before the revelations of which the mists of sophistry and self-confidence vanish as in daylight. The thirtieth Psalm will still afford illustration. When David was troubled, his testimony was, "I cried unto thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord I made supplication." It is impossible to doubt that Schiller did likewise; or that he experienced a like return from Him who is unchangeable.

(To be continued.)

THE STILE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAGI AND THE STAR."

To the poet and the moralist, the most trifling object may afford an occasion of serious musing. A Cowper can write beautiful poetry "on finding the heel of a shoe," and a Leigh Hunt can instruct and amuse by meditations "on a stone." Let us try if something meaning or instructive cannot be said about a stile.

These useful entrances to the fields have now in many places been made to give way to gates. Against this improvement we at least vehemently protest. Go on, ye improvers, if ye will, to perforate rocks, fell trees, and devastate estates,—bring, if you will, the clatter and shriek of steam-engines into our most lovely rural retreats—turn the beautiful cottages, with their picturesque

roofs, and the mantles of jessamine, honeysuckle, or roses, into edifices without shape or name; but, we entreat you, leave us our stiles. The male part of the community most certainly must wish their retention: and if any of the gentler sex desire their destruction, surely they cannot be the beautiful and the young. Where does a man find so befitting and easy an opportunity of exhibiting his agility and tenderness, as at a stile? There are now no longer any dragons or lions from which distressed damsels are to be delivered; enchanted castles and amorous giants have now all disappeared even from the nursery; but in some fortunate places, there still remain stiles. Gates, the modern substitutes, are strongly to be deprecated, for they forbid any exhibition of courtesy. Try it not, O enamoured reader! for most assuredly, instead of expediting the passage of your beloved by opening for her the gate, you will only awkwardly contrive to force it against her side, and put her out of temper for the rest of the walk. But let us see how much better things are managed where the stiles have been suffered to remain.

Let us, in fancy, follow for a few moments the couple who have just passed into yonder fields. With light, joyous step, lost in earnest conversation, they go trippingly over the grass, till their progress is stopped by the stile. The gentleman, pleased at the opportunity of displaying his legs and his nimbleness, steps gaily across: but the lady looks towards the barrier with trepidation. She declares that it will be impossible for her to cross. She has always disliked stiles, she says, and this is one of the worst she ever saw; they had better return and go some other way. The cavalier gently insinuates, that, by a little exertion, he thinks it might be passed: a transverse piece of wood will greatly assist the descent; and, besides, the other way is far less pleasant, and he is not certain whether by going in that direction they should not have to climb a five-barred gate. "And then," he adds, "am I not here to help you?" The last two arguments are conclusive, and mentally ejaculating "anywhere with him!" she places her foot on the lowest bar of the stile. Her *innamorato* then takes her hand: it is necessary that he should grasp it firmly, for the terror of the lady might induce her to let go her hold: it is also necessary that she should lean on his shoulder when she has gained the top of the stile; but was it necessary that she should remain so long in that position, or that he should place his arm around her as she descended? However, she is now safely landed on the other side: and the frank familiarity with which she presses his arm may be caused by her grateful recollections of the perils from which he has just rescued her. But let us follow them a little further. The next stile is less lofty; the top is broad and smooth; a board beneath forms a convenient resting-place for the feet: and the prospect around is delightful. Can they do otherwise than sit down upon it for a short time? The space is limited; it is necessary, therefore, that they should sit close to each other: there is no support for the back; the gentleman, therefore, cannot do otherwise than form one for his companion by placing his arm round her waist: and should he also grasp one of her hands, the circumstance may be attributed to his anxiety to save her from the slightest danger of a fall. There, then, they sit, side by side, thinking of course of nothing but the prospect: and there we must be contented to leave them, merely observing, that there are many worse situations in the world, than that of sharing with an amiable and virtuous woman the top of a stile.

But there are other uses to which the stile is applied. Some unfortunate invalid totters out for a walk, accompanied by his anxious wife. When he has walked some little distance, his strength begins to fail, and he becomes anxious to return. "Try, my dear," says the wife, encouragingly, "try to walk at least to the stile, and there you will be able to rest." The sufferer does so, and finds in the friendly stile a pleasant resting

(1) Psalm xxx. 6.

place, whence he is able to return, refreshed and animated, to his home.

And then, how useful is the stile to the poet or the philosopher! Our ancestors, with a due regard for the interests of others, have often placed the stiles on spots which command beautiful prospects. Here, then, does the poet often sit and indulge in those delightful reveries which seem like a foretaste of Heaven—here does some “mute, inglorious Milton” frame those fantastical creations which are to die away unknown to the world—and here the more fortunate votaries of the muse shape those glittering conceptions which are afterwards enshrined for immortality in an “Excursion” or a “Taak.” And here, too, the Christian moralist may have paused to gather some illustration to add point to his expositions of sacred truth.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some inconveniences attached to the stile. In rainy weather, for instance, it gets slippery: you mount with confidence, but your descent is disastrous: and a bruised ankle is sometimes the result. Another annoyance is, when you are passing through the fields in haste, to discover a large party making their way to the stile in an opposite direction. You hurry towards it in the hope of reaching it first: you are just too late; and have the satisfaction of standing still, looking like a simpleton, while one after another of your rivals proceeds slowly to ascend and descend; each one, as he or she steps down before you, casting on you a compassionate glance, and seeming to say, “Have patience; it will be your turn by-and-by; there are only a dozen of us!”

It is with a pleasing melancholy that we gaze on the worn and worm-eaten top of the stile, and think of those who, in succession, have pressed it. There have the children from time immemorial gathered to play, choosing, with the usual perversity of childhood, the very spot where they are most in the way; there has sat the aged, musing on the past with the calm of gratified desire, or perhaps, envying the robust strength of those whom he sees labouring in the field; there has sat the sentimentalist whom uncongenial society has driven to solitude, and who finds in the trees and the birds a more cheerful companionship than that of unsympathising man; and thither, perhaps, has the wanderer returned after many years of toil and sorrow in other lands, to retrace the haunts of his childhood, and to weep bitter tears over the well-remembered spot which he once enjoyed in the society of those at length estranged from him or dead. Yes; across the stile may they all have passed; and now beneath yonder grassy hillocks, “after life’s fitful fever, they sleep well,” while, perhaps, seated on the spot which they once occupied, the care-worn man looks towards their graves, and sighs for the day when he may be permitted to share in the repose which he trusts they are now enjoying; or the ambitious enthusiast, shrinking from the oblivion in which they seem to be enwrapped, pants to win for himself an immortality even on earth, by leaving behind him something which may benefit his fellows, and which the world shall “not willingly let die.”

M. N.

FRANK FAIRLEGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. II.

Amongst the minor phenomena which are hourly occurring in the details of every-day life, although we are seldom sufficiently close observers to perceive them, there is none more remarkable than the change wrought in our feelings and ideas by a good night’s rest; and never was this change more strikingly exemplified than on the present occasion. I had fallen asleep in the act of performing the character of chief-mourner at my own funeral, and I awoke in the highest possible health and

spirits, with a strong determination never to “say die” under any conceivable aspect affairs might assume. “What in the world,” said I to myself, as I sprang out of bed and began to dress,—“what in the world was there for me to make myself so miserable about last night! Suppose Cumberland and Lawless should laugh at, and tease me a little at first, what does it signify! I must take it in good part as long as I can, and if that does not do, I must speak seriously to them,—tell them they really annoy me, and make me uncomfortable, and then, of course, they will leave off. As to Coleman, I am certain—Well, it’s very odd!”—This last remark was elicited by the fact, that a search I had been making for some minutes, in every place possible and impossible, for that indispensable article of male attire, my trousers, had proved wholly ineffectual, although I had a distinct recollection of having placed them carefully on a chair by my bedside, the previous night. There, however, they certainly were not now, nor, as far as I could discover, any where else in the room. Under these circumstances ringing the bell for Thomas seemed advisable, as it occurred to me that he had probably abstracted the missing garment for the purpose of brushing. In a few moments he answered the summons, and, with a face bright from the combined effects of a light heart and a severe application of yellow soap, inquired, “if I had rung for my shaving-water!” “Why, no—I do not—that is, it was not—I seldom shave of a morning; for the fact is, I have no beard to shave as yet.” “Oh, sir, that’s no reason; there’s Mr. Coleman’s not got the least vestige of a hair upon his chin, and he’s been mowing away with the greatest of perseverance for the last six months, and sends his rahier to be ground every three weeks, regular, in order to get a beard—but what can I do for you, sir?” “Why,” replied I, trying to look grave, “it’s very odd, but I have lost—that is, I can’t find—my trousers anywhere. I put them on this chair last night, I know.” “Umph! that’s sing’lar, too; I was just a coming up stairs to brush ‘em for you; you did not hear any body come into your room, after you went to bed, did you, sir?” “No; but then I was so tired, I slept as sound as a top.” “Ah! I shouldn’t much wonder if Mr. Coleman knew something about ‘em: perhaps you had better put on another pair, and if I can find ‘em, I’ll bring ‘em back after breakfast.” This was very good advice, and therefore, of course, impossible to follow; for, on examining my trunk, lo and behold! dress pantaloons, white ducks, “et hoc genus omne,” had totally disappeared, and I seemed to stand a very good chance of making my first appearance at my tutor’s breakfast table, in an extemporary “kilt,” improvised for the occasion, out of two towels and a checked neckcloth. In this extremity Thomas, as a last resource, knocked at Coleman’s door, informing him, that I should be glad to speak to him,—a proceeding speedily followed by the appearance of that gentleman in propria persona. “Good morning, Fairleigh! hope you slept well. You are looking cold: had not you better get some clothes on? Mildman will be down in a minute, and there will be a pretty row if we are not all there; he’s precious particular, I can tell you.” “That is exactly what I want to do,” replied I, “but the fact is, somebody has taken away all my trousers in the night.” “Bless me! you don’t say so! another case of pilfering! this is getting serious: I will call Lawless.—I say, Lawless!” “Now, what’s the row?” was the reply, “have the French landed? or is the kitchen chimney on fire? What do I see? Fairleigh, lightly and elegantly attired in nothing but his shirt, and Thomas standing like Niobe, the picture of woe,—here’s a sight for a father!” “Why! it’s a bad job,” said Coleman; “here’s another case of pilfering; Fairleigh has had all his trousers stolen in the night.” “You don’t say so!” rejoined Lawless: “what is to be done? It must be stopped somehow: we had better tell him what we know about it. Thomas, leave the room.” Thomas obeyed, giving me a look of great

intelligence as he went, and Lawless continued, "I am afraid you will hardly believe us,—it is really a most unheard-of thing,—but we have lately missed a great many of our clothes, and we have every reason to suspect, (I declare I can scarcely bear to mention it,) that Mildman takes them himself, fancying, of course, that being placed by his position so entirely above suspicion, he may do it with impunity. We have suspected this for some time, and lately one or two circumstances,—old clothesmen having been seen leaving his study, a pawn-ticket falling out of his waistcoat pocket one day as he was going out of our parlour, &c.,—have put the matter beyond a doubt; but he has never gone to such an extent as this before. Mind you do not mention a word of this to Thomas, for, bad as Mildman is, one would not wish to show him up before his own servant." "Good gracious!" cried I, "I had no idea such things ever could take place, and he a clergyman, too!—dreadful! but what in the world am I to do? I have not got a pair of trowsers to put on. Oh! if he would but have taken any thing else, even my watch, instead, I should not have minded—what shall I do?" "Why really," replied Coleman, "it is not so easy to advise: you can't go down as you are, that's certain. Suppose you were to wrap yourself up in a blanket, and go and tell him you have found him out, and that you will call a policeman if he does not give you your clothes at once; have it out with him fairly and check the thing effectually once for all—eh?" "No, that won't do," said Lawless, "I should say, sit down quietly, (how cold you must be!) and write him a civil note, saying, that you had reason to believe he had borrowed your trowsers, (that's the way I should put it,) and that you would be very much gratified by his sending you a pair to wear to-day; and then you can stick in something about your being always accustomed to live with people who were particular about dress, and that you are sorry you are obliged to trouble him about such a trifle; in fact, do a bit of the respectful, and then pull up short with 'obedient pupil,' &c." "Aye, that's the way to do it," said Coleman, "in the shop-fellow's style, you know,—much obliged for past favours, and hope for a continuance of the same,—more than you do, though, Fairleigh, I should fancy, but there goes the bell—I am off," and away he scudded, followed by Lawless humming,—

"Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he took an old catskin and made him a pair."

Here was a pretty state of things: the breakfast bell had rung, and I, who considered being too late a crime of the first magnitude, was unable even to begin dressing, from the melancholy fact that every pair of trowsers I had in the world had disappeared; while, to complete my misery, I was led to believe the delinquent who had abstracted them was no less a person than the tutor, whom I had come fully prepared to regard with feelings of the utmost respect and veneration.

However, in such a situation, thinking over my miseries was worse than useless; *something* must be done at once,—but what? Write the note, as Lawless had advised? No, it was no good thinking of that; I felt I could not do it. "Ah! a bright idea!—I'll try it." So, suiting the action to the word, I rang the bell, and then, jumping into bed, muffled myself up in the bed-clothes.

"Well, sir, have you found them?" asked Thomas, entering. "No, Thomas," replied I dolefully, "nor ever shall, I fear; but will you go to Dr. Mildman, and tell him, with my respects, that I cannot get up to breakfast this morning, and, if he asks what is the matter with me, say that I am prevented from coming down by *severe cold*. I am sure that is true enough," added I, shivering. "Well, sir, I will, if you wish it; but I don't exactly see the good of it; you must get up sometime or other." "I don't know," replied I gloomily, "we shall see; only do you take my message." And he accordingly left the room, muttering as he did so, "Well, I call this a great deal too bad, and I'll tell

master of it myself, if nobody else won't." "Tell master of it himself!"—he also suspects him; then. This crushed my last faint hope that, after all, it might turn out to be only a trick of the pupils; and, overpowered by the utter vileness and depravity of him who was set in authority over me, I buried my face in the pillow, feeling a strong inclination to renew the lamentations of the preceding night. Not many minutes had elapsed, when the sound of a heavy footstep slowly ascending the stairs attracted my attention. I raised my head, and beheld the benevolent countenance (for even then it certainly *did* wear a benevolent expression) of my wicked tutor, regarding me with a mingled look of scrutiny and pity. "Why, Fairleigh, what's all this?—Thomas tells me you are not able to come down to breakfast; you are not ill, I hope?" "No, sir," replied I, "I don't think I am very ill, but I can't come down to breakfast." "Not ill, and yet you can't come down to breakfast! what in the world prevents you?" "Perhaps," said I, (for I was becoming angry at what I considered his unparalleled effrontery, and thought I would give him a hint that he could not deceive me so easily as he seemed to expect,) "Perhaps you can tell that better than I can."—"I, my boy!—I am afraid not; my pretensions to the title of doctor are based on divinity, not physic;—however, put out your tongue—that's right enough; let me feel your hand—a little cold or so, but nothing to signify; did you ever have this sort of seizure happen at home?" Well, this was adding insult to injury with a vengeance: not content with stealing my clothes himself, but actually asking me whether such things did not happen at home! The wretch! thought I; does he suppose that every body is as wicked as himself? "No," answered I, my voice trembling with the anger I was scarcely able to repress; "no, sir, such a thing never could happen in my dear father's house." "There, don't agitate yourself; you seem excited: perhaps you *had* better lie in bed a little longer; I will send you up something warm, and after that you may feel more inclined to get up," said he kindly, adding to himself as he left the room, "Very strange boy,—I can't make him out at all."

The door closed, and I was once more alone. "Is he guilty, or not guilty?" thought I; "if he really has taken the clothes, he is the most accomplished hypocrite I ever heard of; yet he *must* have done so, every thing combines to prove it—Thomas's speech—nay, even his own offer of sending me "something warm," something warm, indeed! what do I want with any thing warm, except my trowsers?" No! the fact was beyond dispute; they were gone, and he had stolen them, whilst I, unhappy youth, was entirely in his power, and had not therefore, a chance of redress. "But I will not bear it," cried I, "I'll write to my father,—I'll run away,—I'll—" "Hurra!" shouted Thomas, rushing into the room with his arm full of clothes, "here they are, sir! I have found the whole kit of them at last." "Where?" exclaimed I eagerly. "Where? why, in such a queer place!" replied he, "stuffed up the chimney, in master's study; but I've given them a good brushing, and they are none the worse for it, except them blessed white ducks; they are a most black ducks now, though they will wash, so that don't signify none." "Up the chimney, in master's study!" here was at last proof positive; my clothes had been actually found in his possession—oh, the wickedness of this world! "But how did you ever find them?" asked I. "Why! I happened to go in to fetch something, and I seed a little bit of the leg of one of them hanging down the chimney, so I guessed how it all was, directly. I think I know how they got there, too, they did not walk there by themselves, I should say." "I wish they had," muttered I. "I thought *somebody* was up too early this morning to be about any good," continued he; "he is never out of bed till the last moment, without there's some mischief in the wind." This was pretty plain speaking, however. Thomas was clearly as well aware of his master's nefarious practices as the pupils themselves, and Law-

less's amiable desire to conceal Dr. Mildman's sins from his servant's knowledge was no longer of any avail. I hastened, therefore, (the only reason for silence being thus removed,) to relieve my mind from the burden of just indignation which was oppressing it. "And can you, Thomas," exclaimed I, with flashing eyes, "remain the servant of a man who dares thus to outrage every law, human and divine! one who, having taken upon himself the sacred office of a clergyman of the Church of England, and so made it his especial duty to set a good example to all around him, can take advantage of the situation in which he is placed in regard to his pupils, and actually demean himself by purloining the clothes of the young men (I felt five and twenty at the very least at that moment) committed to his charge!—why! my father"—what I imagined my father would have said or done under these circumstances, was fated to remain a mystery, as my eloquence was brought to a sudden conclusion by my consternation at a series of remarkable phenomena, which had been developing themselves during my harangue in the countenance of Thomas, terminating abruptly in what appeared to me a fit of most unmitigated insanity. A look of extreme astonishment, which he had assumed at the beginning of my speech, had given place to an expression of mingled surprise and anger as I continued; which again in its turn had yielded to a grin of intense amusement, growing every moment broader and broader, accompanied by rubbing together his hands, and a spasmodic twitching of his whole person; and, as I mentioned his master's purloining my trowsers, he suddenly sprang up from the floor nearly a yard high, and commenced an extempore *pas seul* of a Jim Crow character, which he continued with unabated vigour during several minutes. This "*Mazourka d'extase*," or whatever a ballet-master would have called it, having at length, to my great joy, concluded, the performer of it sank exhausted into a chair, and regarding me with a face still somewhat the worse for his late violent exertions, favoured me with the following geographical remark:—"Well, I never did believe in the existence of such a place as Greenland before, but there's no where else as you could have come from, sir, I am certain." "Eh! why! what's the matter with you? have I done any thing particularly 'green,' as you call it? what are you talking about?" said I, not feeling exactly pleased at the reception my virtuous indignation had met with. "Oh! don't be angry, sir; I am sure I did not mean to offend you; but really I could not help it, when I heard you say about master's having stole your things. Oh lor!" he added, holding his sides with both hands, "how my sides do ache, sure-ly!" "Do you consider that any laughing matter?" said I, still in the dark. "Oh! don't sir, don't say it again, or you will be the death of me," replied Thomas, struggling against a relapse, "why! bless your innocence, what could ever make you think master would take your clothes?" "Make me think! why! Lawless told me so," answered I, "and he also said, it was not the first time such a thing had occurred either." "You'll have enough to do, sir, if you believe all the young gentlemen tell you; why! master would as soon think of flying, as of stealing anything. It was Mr. Coleman as put them up the chimney; he's always a playing some trick for everlasting." A pause ensued, during which the whole affair in its true bearings became for the first time clear to my mind's eye; the result of my cogitations may be gathered from the following remark, which escaped me as it were involuntarily,—"What a confounded ass I have made of myself, to be sure!"

Should any of my readers be rude enough to agree with me in this particular, let them reflect for a moment on the peculiar position in which I was placed. Having lived from childhood in a quiet country parsonage, with my father and mother, and a sister younger than myself, as my sole companions, "mystification," that is, telling falsehoods by way of a joke, was a per-

fectly novel idea to me, and, when that joke involved such serious consequences as offending the tutor under whose care we were placed, I (wholly ignorant of the impudence and recklessness of public school boys) considered such a solution of the mystery inconceivable. Moreover, every thing around me was so strange, and so entirely different to the habits of life in which I had been hitherto brought up, that for the time my mind was completely bewildered. I appeared to have lost my powers of judgment, and to have relapsed, as far as intellect was concerned, into childhood again. My readers must excuse this digression, but it appeared to me necessary to explain how it was possible for a lad of fifteen to have been made the victim of such a palpably absurd deception, without its involving the necessity of his not being "so sharp as he should be."

The promised "something warm" made its appearance ere long, in the shape of tea and toast, which, despite my alarming seizure, I demolished with great gusto in bed, (for I did not dare to get up,) feeling, from the fact of my having obtained it under false pretences, very like a culprit all the while. Having finished my breakfast, and allowed sufficient time to elapse for my recovery, I got up, and, selecting a pair of trowsers which appeared to have suffered less from their sojourn in the chimney than the others, dressed myself, and soon after eleven o'clock made my appearance in the pupil's room, where I found Dr. Mildman seated at his desk, and the pupils apparently very hard at work. "How do you find yourself now you are up, Fairleigh?" inquired my tutor kindly. "Quite well, sir, thank you," I replied, feeling like an impostor. "Quite recovered!" continued he. "Every thing—entirely, I mean," stammered I, thinking of my trowsers. "That's well, and now let us see what kind of a Latin and Greek lining you have got to your head." So saying, he pointed to a seat by his side, and commenced what I considered a very formidable examination, with the view of eliciting the extent of my acquaintance with the writers of Antiquity, which proved to be extremely select. When he had thoroughly satisfied (or dissatisfied) himself upon this point, he recommended Horace and Xenophon to my particular notice, adding, that Coleman was also directing his attention to the sayings and doings of the same honourable and learned gentlemen,—and that, therefore, we were to work together. He then explained to me certain rules and regulations of his establishment, to which he added a few moral remarks, conveying the information, that, if I always did exactly what he considered right, and scrupulously avoided every thing he deemed wrong, I might relieve my mind from all fears of his displeasure, which was, to say the least, satisfactory, if not particularly original. Exactly as the clock struck one, Dr. Mildman left the room, (the morning's "study," as it was called, ending at that hour,) leaving us our own masters till five, at which time we dined. Lest any kind reader should fancy we were starved, let me add, that at half-past one a substantial luncheon was provided, of which we might partake or not as we pleased. As well as I remember, we generally did incline towards the demolition of the viands, unless "metal more attractive" awaited us elsewhere—but I am digressing.

"Pray, Fairleigh, what did you mean by not coming down till eleven o'clock?" asked Cumberland, in an angry tone. "Did its mamma say it was always to have its breakfast in bed, a dear!" sneered Lawless. "When she fastened that pretty square collar round its neck," chimed in Coleman. "Just like a great gal," added Mullins. "Mildman was exceedingly angry about it, I can tell you," continued Cumberland, "and desired me to speak seriously to you on the subject; such abominable idleness is not to be tolerated." "It was not idleness," answered I, warmly; "you all know, very well, why I could not come down, and I don't think it was at all right or kind of you to play me such a trick." "Eh,—now don't say that,—you will hurt my feelings;

I declare it is quite affecting," said Coleman, wiping his eyes with Mullins's handkerchief, of which he had just picked his pocket. "I'd have given five pounds to have seen old Sam's phiz, when he was trying to make out what ailed young stupid here, whether he was really ill, or only shamming," said Lawless; "depend upon it, he thinks it was all pretence, and he can't bear any thing of that sort; that was why he began spinning him that long yarn about 'meriting his approbation by upright and straightforward conduct,' this morning. I saw what the old boy was aiming at in a minute; there's nothing puts him out so much as being deceived." "Won't he set him all the hard lines to construe? that's all," said Mullins. "It will be 'hard lines' upon him if he does," observed Coleman. "Hold your tongue, Freddy! your puns are enough to make one ill," said Cumberland. "Well, I don't know whether you are going to stand here all day, baiting young pinafore, Cumberland?" interrupted Lawless; "I'm not, for I've got a horse waiting for me down at Snaffles's, and I am going to ride over to Hookley; there's a pigeon-match coming off to-day between Clayton, of the lancers—he was just above me at Eton,—you know,—and Tom Horton, who won the great match at Finchley, and I have backed Clayton pretty heavily,—shall you come?" "No," replied Cumberland; "no, I am going down to F— Street." "As usual, the board of green cloth, eh? you will go there once too often, if you don't mind, old fellow." "That's my look out," replied Cumberland;—and away they went to their different pursuits, each, as he left the room, making me a very low obeisance; and Coleman taking the trouble to open the door again after he had gone out, to beg, "that if I were going to write to my mother, I would tell her, with his love, that she need not make herself in the least uneasy, as he had quite got over his last little attack." In a few minutes they had all quitted the house, and I remained the sole tenant of the pupils' room.

Many a long year has passed over my head since the day I am now describing, and each (though my life has been on the whole as free from care as that of most of the sons of Adam) has brought with it some portion of sorrow or suffering, to temper the happiness I have enjoyed, and teach me the much required lesson, that "here we have no abiding place." I have lived to see bright hopes fade, high and noble aspirations fall to the ground, checked by the sordid policy of worldly men, and the proud hearts which gave them birth become gradually debased to the level of those around them, or break in the unequal struggle,—and these things have pained me. I have beheld those dear to me stretched upon the bed of sickness, and taken from me by the icy hand of death, and have deemed, as the grave closed over them, that my happiness, as far as this world was concerned, was buried with them. I have known (and this was grief indeed) those loved with all the warm and trustful confidence of youth, prove false and unworthy of such deep affection, and have wished, in the bitterness of my soul, that the pit had shut her mouth upon me also, so that I had died with my faith in them unshaken. Still, although such sorrows as these may have produced a more deep and lasting effect upon me, I do not remember ever to have felt more thoroughly desolate than upon the present occasion. The last scene, though trifling in itself, had made a great impression upon me, from the fact, that it proved, as I considered, the animus of the pupils towards me. "Every man's hand was against me." Even the old Mullins might insult me with impunity; secure that, in so doing, if in nothing else, he would be supported by the rest. Then I had offended my tutor, all my predilections in whose favour had returned with double force, since I had satisfied myself that he was not addicted to the commission of petty larceny; offended him by allowing him to suppose that I had practised a mean deception upon him. Moreover it was impossible to explain my conduct to him without showing up Coleman, an extreme measure

for which I was by no means prepared. Besides, every one would think, if I were to do so, that I was actuated by a paltry spirit of malice, and that would have been worse to bear than any thing. No—turn my gaze to whichever side I would, the horizon seemed alike clouded; there was no comfort for me any where. I looked at my watch—two o'clock! Three long hours to dinner time, in which I might do what I liked. *What I liked!* there was mockery in the very sound. What was there for me to do! go out and see more new faces looking coldly on me, and wander up and down in strange places alone, amidst a crowd? No! I had not the heart to do that. Sit down, and write home, and by telling them how miserable I was, render them unhappy too? that was worst of all. At length I found a book, and began reading as it were mechanically, but so little was I able to fix my attention, that had I been questioned at the end of the time as to the subject of the work I had been perusing, I should have been utterly at a loss for an answer. I had fairly given it up as hopeless, and closed the book, when I heard footsteps in the passage, followed by the sudden apparition of the ever-smiling Mr. Frederick Coleman, who, closing the door after him, accosted me as follows:—"What, Fairleigh, all in the downs, old fellow? 'never say die,' come, be jolly,—look at me." As he said this, I involuntarily raised my eyes to his features, and certainly, if ever there were a face formed for banishing blue devils by a glance, it was his. It was a round face, not remarkable for beauty of outline, inasmuch as it bore a strong resemblance to that of the gentleman on the blue China plates, in two pigtails and a petticoat, who appears to pass a mild ornithological and botanical existence in studying intently the two fishy-looking birds, and the cannon ball tree, which form the leading features of the landscape in his vicinity. With regard to expression, however, Coleman had a decided advantage over the Chinese horticulturist, for, whereas the countenance of the latter gentleman expressed (if indeed it could be said to express any thing) only meek astonishment, Coleman's small black eyes danced and sparkled with such a spirit of mischief and devilry, while such a fund of merriment, and, as it now for the first time struck me, of good-nature also, lurked about the corners of his mouth, that it seemed impossible to look at him without feeling that there was something contagious in his hilarity. "Why," said I, "every thing here is so new to me, so entirely different from all I have been accustomed to before, and the unkind—that is, the odd way in which Lawless and the rest of you seem to behave to me, treating me as if you thought I was either a fool or a baby,—it all seems so strange, that I confess I am not over happy." "Very odd if you were, I think," replied Coleman, "and it was a horrid shame of me to hide your trowers, as I did this morning. Oh! how cold you did look, as you stood shivering up in the cold. I'm sorry for it now, but I'm such a chap for a bit of fun, that, if a trick like that comes into my head, do it I must—oh! I get into no end of scrapes that way. Why it was but the other day I put a piece of cobbler's wax upon the seat of Mildman's chair, and ruined his best Sunday-going sit-upons; he knew, too, who did it, I'm sure, for the next day he gave me a double dose of Euclid, to take the nonsense out of me, I suppose; he had better mind what he's at, though; I have got another dodge ready for him if he does not take care: but I did not mean to annoy you, and you behaved like a brick, too, in not saying any thing about it,—I am really very sorry." "Never mind," said I, "it's all right again now: I like a joke as well as any body when I know it's only fun; the thing I am afraid of now is, that Dr. Mildman may think I wanted to deceive him, by pretending to be ill, when I was not." "I dare say he has got a pretty good notion how it is," said Coleman, "but we'll get Thomas to tell him what I was up to, and that will set it all straight again." "That will be very

kind, indeed," replied I, "but will not Dr. Mildman be angry with you about it?" "Not he," said Coleman, "he never finds fault unless there's real necessity for it; he's as good a fellow as ever lived, is old Sam, only he's so precious slow." "I am glad you like him, he seems so very kind and good-natured," said I, "just the sort of person one should wish one's tutor to be. But about Cumberland and Lawless; what kind of fellows are they when you come to know them?" "Oh, you will like Lawless well enough when he gets tired of bullying you," replied Coleman, "though you need not stand so much of that as I was obliged to bear; you are a good head taller than I am,—let's look at your arm; it would be all the better for a little more muscle, but that will soon improve. I'll put on the gloves with you for an hour or so of a day." "Put on the gloves!" repeated I, "how do you mean? what has that to do with Lawless?" "Oh you muff, don't you understand? of course I mean the boxing-gloves; and when you know how to use your fists, if Lawless comes it too strong, slip into him." "He must bully a good deal before I am driven to that," replied I, "I never struck a blow in anger in my life." "You will see, before long," rejoined Coleman, "but at all events there's no harm in learning to use your fists; a man should always be able to defend himself if he is attacked." "Yes, that's very true," observed I, "but you have not told me any thing of Cumberland—shall I ever like him, do you think?" "Not if you are the sort of fellow I take you to be," replied he; "there's something about Cumberland not altogether right, I fancy; I'm not very straight-laced myself, particularly if there's any fun in a thing, not so much so as I should be, I suspect; but Cumberland is too bad even for me; besides, there's no fun in what he does, and then he's such a humbug,—not straightforward and honest, you know. Lawless would not be half such a bully either, if Cumberland did not set him on. But don't you say a word about this to any one; Cumberland would be ready to murder me, or to get somebody else to do it for him—that's more in his way." "Do not fear my repeating any thing told me in confidence," replied I, "but what do you mean when you say there's something wrong about Cumberland?" "Do you know what Lawless meant by the 'board of green cloth' this morning?" "No,—it puzzled me." "I will tell you then," replied Coleman, sinking his voice almost to a whisper,—"the billiard table!" After telling me this, Coleman, evidently fearing to commit himself further with one of whom he knew so little, turned the conversation, and, finding it still wanted more than an hour to dinner, proposed that we should take a stroll along the shore together. In the course of our walk, I acquired the additional information that another pupil was expected in a few days,—the only son of Sir John Oaklands, a baronet of large fortune in Hertfordshire; and that an acquaintance of Coleman's, who knew him, said he was a capital fellow, but very odd,—though in what the oddity consisted did not appear. Moreover, Coleman confirmed me in my preconceived idea, that Mullins's genius lay at present chiefly in the eating, drinking, and sleeping line,—adding that, in his opinion, he bore a striking resemblance to those somewhat dissimilar articles,—a muff and a spoon. In converse such as this the time slipped away, till we suddenly discovered that we had only a quarter of an hour left in which to walk back to Langdale Terrace, and prepare for dinner; whereupon a race began, in which my longer legs gave me so decided an advantage over Coleman, that he declared he would deliver me up to the tender mercies of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," for what he was pleased to call "an aggravated case of over-driving a private pupil."

THE GROACH OF THE ISLE OF LOK.¹

A Legend of the country of Léon. (2)

EVERY one who knows the *land of the Church* (Lanillis), knows also that it is one of the loveliest parishes in the diocese of Léon. To say nothing of green crops and corn, its orchards are famed from all time for apples sweeter than the honey of Sizun, and plum-trees, of which every blossom ripens into fruit. As for the marriageable maidens, they are all models of discretion and housewifery; at least so say their nearest relations, who of course know them best.

In olden times, when miracles were as common in these parts as christenings and burials now, there dwelt in Lanillis a young man, called Houarn Pogamm, and a damsel, whose name was Bellah Postik. They were akin, at some little distance, and their mothers had cradled them together in their infancy, as they do there with children that are destined, with God's blessing, to become man and wife.²

They grew up together in love, as in age and stature; but every one that they had to care for them being dead, one after the other, and they left portionless, the two poor orphans were at last obliged to go into service. They ought indeed to have been happy, for they served the same master; but lovers are like the sea, that murmurs ever.

"If we only had enough to buy a little cow and a lean pig," said Houarn, "I would take a bit of land of our master, and then the good father should marry us, and we would go and live together."

"Yes," replied Bellah, with a deep sigh, "but the times are so hard! The cows and pigs were dearer than ever at Ploudalmerzean the last fair! Providence must surely have given up caring for the world!"

"I am afraid we shall have to wait a long time," said the young man, "for I never get the last glass of the bottle when I drink with the rest of them."

"Very long," replied the maiden; "for I never can hear the cuckoo."

Day after day it was the same story; till at last Houarn was quite out of patience. So one morning he came to Bellah, as she was winnowing some corn in the threshing-floor, and told her how he had made up his mind that he would set out on his travels to seek his fortune.

Sadly troubled was the poor girl at this resolve, and she said all she could to dissuade him from it; but Houarn, who was a determined young fellow, would not be withheld.

"The birds," said he, "fly hither and thither till they have found a field of corn, and the bees till they meet with flowers that may yield them honey; is it for man to be less reasonable than the winged creatures? I also will go forth on my quest; what I want is but the price of a little cow and a lean pig. If you love me, Bellah, you will no longer oppose a project which is to hasten our marriage."

Bellah could not but acknowledge that there was reason in his words; so with a sigh and a yearning heart she said,—“Go, then, Houarn, with God's blessing, if it must be so; but first let me share with you my family relics.”

(1) The name Groach, or Grac'h, means literally *old woman*, and was given to the Druidesses who had established themselves in an island off the south-west coast of Brittany, called thence the Isle of Groach, by corruption Groais, or Groix. But the word gradually lost its original meaning of old woman, and came to signify a woman endowed with power over the elements, and dwelling amongst the waves, as did the Island Druidesses; in fact, a sort of water-fay, but of a malevolent nature, like all the Breton fairies. Such of our readers as are not acquainted with *La Motte Fouqué's* beautiful tale of Undine, may require to be reminded that the sprites, sylphs, gnomes, and fairies, of the popular mythologies, are not necessarily, perhaps not even generally, exempt from mortality.

(2) *Vide* the head-note to the tale of Robin Redbreast, in No. 7. p. 100.

(3) This custom exists throughout Cornouaille. The children destined for each other are laid, from their birth, in the same cradle.

She led him to her press, and took out a little bell, a knife, and a staff.

"There," said she, "these are immemorial heir-looms of our family. This is the bell of St. Koledok. Its sound can be heard at any distance, however great, and will give immediate notice to the possessor's friends should he be in any danger. The knife once belonged to St. Corentin, and its touch dissolves all spells, were they of the arch-fiend himself. Lastly, here is the staff of St. Vouga, which will lead its possessor whithersoever he may desire to go. I will give you the knife to defend you from enchantments, and the little bell to let me know if you are in peril; the staff I will keep, that I may be able to join you should you need my presence."

Houarn accepted with thanks his Bellah's gifts, wept awhile with her, as belongs to a parting, and set out towards the mountains.

But it was then just as it is now, and in all the villages through which he passed, the traveller was beset by beggars, to whom any one with whole garments was a man of rank and fortune.

"By my faith," thought he, "this part of the country seems fitter for spending a fortune than for making one; I must go farther."

He went onwards therefore towards the west, till at last he arrived at Pontaven, a pretty town, built upon a river bordered with poplars.

There, as he sat at the inn-door, he overheard two carriers, who, as they loaded their mules, were talking together of the Groac'h of the Isle of Lok.

Houarn inquired who or what that might be, and was told that it was the name of a fairy, who inhabited the lake in the largest of the Glénans,¹ and who was said to be as rich as all the kings of the earth together. Many had been the treasure-seekers that had visited her island, but not ever had one of them returned.

The thought came suddenly into Houarn's mind that he too would try the adventure. The muleteers did all they could to dissuade him. They were so loud in their remonstrances, that they collected quite a crowd about him, crying out that it was downright unchristian to let him run into destruction in that way, and the people would even have kept him back by force. Houarn thanked them for the interest they manifested in his welfare, and declared himself ready to give up his design, if only they would make a collection amongst them which would enable him to buy a little cow and a lean pig: but at this proposition the muleteers and all the others drew back, simply repeating that he was an obstinate fellow, and that it was of no use talking to him. So Houarn repaired to the sea-shore, where he took a boat, and was carried to the Isle of Lok.

He had no difficulty in finding the pond, which was in the centre of the island, its banks fringed by sea plants with rose-coloured flowers. As he walked round, he saw lying at one end of it, shaded by a tuft of broom, a sea-green canoe, which floated on the unruffled waters. It was fashioned like a swan asleep, with its head under its wing.

Houarn, who had never seen anything like it before, drew nearer with curiosity, and stepped into the boat that he might examine it the better; but scarcely had he set foot within it, than the swan seemed to awake, its head started from amongst the feathers, its wide feet spread themselves to the waters, and it swam rapidly from the bank.

The young man gave a cry of alarm, but the swan only made the more swiftly for the middle of the lake; and just as Houarn had decided on throwing himself from his strange bark, and swimming for the shore, the bird plunged downwards, head foremost, drawing him under water along with it.

(1) A cluster of islets off the southern coast of Brittany, near the headland of Penmarc'h. The name signifies literally *summer-land*. One of them is called the Isle of Lok, or Lock, and contains a fish pool, from which it seems to derive its name.

The unfortunate Léonard, who could not cry out without gulping down the unsavoury water of the pool, was silent by necessity, and soon arrived at the Groac'h's dwelling.

It was a palace of shells, far surpassing in beauty all that can be imagined. It was entered by a flight of crystal steps, each stair of which, as the foot pressed it, gave forth a concert of sweet sounds, like the song of many birds. All around stretched gardens of immense extent, with forests of marine plants, and plots of green seaweed, spangled with diamonds in the place of flowers.

The Groac'h was reclining in the entrance hall upon a couch of gold. Her dress was of sea-green silk, exquisitely fine, and floating round her like the waves that wrapped her grotto. Her black locks, intertwined with coral, descended to her feet, and the white and red of her brilliant complexion blended as in the polished lining of some Indian shell.

Dazzled with a sight at once so fair and unexpected, Houarn stood still, but with a winning smile the Groac'h rose, and came forward to meet him. So easy and flowing were her movements, that she seemed like a snowy billow heaving along the sea, as she advanced to greet the young Léonard.

"You are welcome," said she, beckoning him with her hand to enter; "there is always room here for all comers, especially for handsome young men."

At this gracious reception Houarn somewhat recovered himself, and entered the hall.

"Who are you? Whence come you? What seek you?" continued the Groac'h.

"My name is Houarn," replied the Léonard; "I come from Lanillis; and I am in quest of the wherewithal to buy a little cow and a lean pig."

"Well, come in, Houarn," said the fairy, "and dismiss all anxiety from your mind; you shall have every thing to make you happy."

While this was passing she had led him into a circular hall, the walls of which were covered with pearls, where she set before him eight different kinds of wine, in eight goblets of chased silver. Houarn made trial of all, and found all so much to his taste that he repeated his draught of each eight times, while ever as the cup left his lips, the Groac'h seemed still fairer than before.

She meanwhile encouraged him to drink, telling him he need be in no fear of ruining her, for that the lake in the Isle of Lok communicated with the sea, and that all the treasures swallowed up by shipwrecks were conveyed thither by a magic current.

"I do not wonder," cried Houarn, emboldened at once by the wine and the manner of his hostess, that the people on shore speak so badly of you; in fact, it just comes to this, that you are rich, and they are envious. For my part, I should be very well content with the half of your fortune."

"It shall be yours if you will, Houarn," said the fairy.

"How can that be?" he asked.

"My husband, the Korandon, is dead," she answered, "so that I am now a widow; if you like me well enough, I will become your wife."

Houarn quite lost his breath for very wonderment. For him to marry that beautiful creature! to dwell in that splendid palace! and to drink to his heart's content of the eight sorts of wine! True, he was engaged to Bellah; but men easily forget such promises,—indeed, for that they are just like women. So he gallantly assured the fairy that one so lovely must be irresistible, and that it would be his pride and joy to become her husband.

Thereupon the Groac'h exclaimed that she would forthwith make ready the wedding feast. She spread a table, which she covered with all the delicacies that the Léonard had ever heard of, besides a great many unknown to him even by name; and then proceeding to a little fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, she began to call,—“Now, attorney! now, miller! now,

tailor! now, Mr. Dean!" And at each call up swam a fish, which she successively caught in a steel net. When the net was full, she carried it into the next room, and threw all the fish into a golden frying-pan.

But it seemed to Houarn as though there was a whispering of little voices amidst the hissing of the pan.

"What is that whispering in the frying-pan, Groach?" he asked.

"It is the crackling of the wood," said she, stirring the fire.

An instant after the little voices again began to murmur.

"What is that murmuring, Groach?" asked the bridegroom.

"It is the butter in the frying-pan," she answered, giving the fish a toss.

But soon the little voices cried yet louder.

"What is that cry, Groach?" said Houarn.

"It is the cricket in the hearth," replied the fairy, and she began to sing, so that the Léonard could no longer hear anything but her voice.

But he could not help thinking on what he had noticed: and thought brought fear, and fear, of course, repentance.

"Alas!" he cried, "can it then be possible that I have so soon forgotten Bellah for this Groach, who is no doubt a child of Satan! With her for my wife, I shall not even dare to say my prayers at night, and shall be as sure to go to hell as an exciseman."

While he thus communed with himself, the fairy brought in the fried fish, and pressed him to eat, while she went to fetch him twelve new sorts of wine.

Houarn sighed, took out his knife, and prepared to begin; but scarcely had the spell-destroying blade touched the golden dish, than all the fish rose up in the form of little men, each one clad in the proper costume of his rank and occupation. There was a lawyer with his bands; a tailor in blue stockings; a miller all white with flour; a reverend dean in full canonicals; and all crying out at once, as they swam in the melted butter,—

"Houarn, save us, if thou wouldst thyself be saved!"

"Holy Virgin! what are these little men singing out from amongst the melted butter?" cried the Léonard, in bewilderment.

"We are Christians like thyself," they answered. "We, too, came to seek our fortunes in the Isle of Lok; we, too, consented to marry the Groach; and the day after the wedding she did with us as she had done with all our predecessors, of whom the fish-pond in the garden is full."

"What!" cried Houarn, "a creature that looks so young already the widow of this multitude of fishes?"

"And thou wilt soon be in the same condition; subject thyself to be fried and eaten by some new coner."

Houarn gave a jump, as though he felt himself already in the golden frying-pan, and ran towards the door, thinking only how he might escape before the Groach should return. But she was already there, and had heard all; her net of steel was soon thrown over the Léonard, who found himself instantly transformed into a frog, in which guise the fairy carried him to the fish-pond, and threw him in, to keep her former husbands company.

At this moment the little bell, which Houarn wore round his neck, tinkled of its own accord, and Bellah heard it at Lanillis, where she was busy skimming the last night's milk.

The sound struck upon her heart like a funeral knell; and she cried aloud,—*"Houarn is in danger!"* And without a moment's delay, without asking counsel of any as to what she should do, she ran and put on her Sunday clothes, her shoes and silver cross, and set out from the farm with her magic staff. Arrived where four roads met, she set the stick upright in the ground, murmuring in a low voice,—

"List, thou crab-tree staff of mine!
By good St. Vouga hear me!
O'er earth and water, through air, 'tis thine
Whither I will to bear me!"

And lo! the stick became a bay nag, a right roadster of St. Thegonce, dressed, saddled, and bridled, with a rosette behind each ear, and a blue feather in front.

Bellah mounted without the slightest hesitation, and the horse set forward; first at a walking pace, then he trotted, and at last galloped, and that so swiftly, that ditches, trees, houses, and steeples passed before the young girl's eyes like the arms of a spindle. But she complained not, feeling that each step brought her nearer to her dear Houarn; nay, she rather urged on her beast, saying,—

"Less swift than the swallow is the horse, less swift the swallow than the wind, the wind than the lightning; but thou, my good steed, if thou lovest me, outstrip them all in speed; for a part of my heart is suffering; the better half of my own life is in danger."

The horse understood her, and flew like a straw driven by the whirlwind, till he arrived in the country of Arhès, at the foot of the rock called the Stag's Leap. But there he stood still, for never had horse foaled of mare scaled that precipice. Bellah, perceiving the cause of his stopping, renewed her incantation, saying—

"Once again, thou courser mine,
By good St. Vouga hear me!
O'er earth and water, through air, 'tis thine
Whither I will to bear me!"

She had hardly finished, when a pair of wings sprang from the sides of her horse, which now became a great bird, and in this shape flew away with her to the top of the rock.

Strange indeed was the sight that here met her eyes. Upon a nest made of potter's clay and dry moss, squatted a little korandon,¹ all swarthy and wrinkled, who, on beholding Bellah, began to cry aloud,—

"Hurra! Here is the pretty maiden come to save me!"

"Save thee?" said Bellah. "Who art thou, then, my little man?"

"I am Grannik, the husband of the Groach of the Isle of Lok. She it was that sent me here."

"But what art thou doing in this nest?"

"I am sitting on six stone eggs, and I cannot be free till they are hatched."

Bellah could not keep herself from laughing right out.

"Poor little dear!" said she; "and how can I deliver thee?"

"By saving Houarn, who is in the Groach's power."

"Ah, tell me how I may do that!" cried the orphan girl, "and not a moment will I lose in setting about my part in the matter, though I should have to make the circuit of the four dioceses upon my bare knees."

"Well, then, there are two things to be done," said the korandon. "The first, to present thyself before the Groach as a young man; and the next, to take from her the steel net which she carries at her girdle, and shut her up in it till the day of judgment."

"And where shall I get a suit of clothes to fit me, Korandon, my darling?"

"Thou shalt see, my pretty one."

With these words the little dwarf pulled out four hairs from his foxy poll, and blew them to the winds, muttering something in an under tone, and lo! the four hairs became four tailors, of whom the first held in his hand a cabbage, the second a pair of scissors, the third a needle, and the last a smoothing goose. All the four seated themselves cross-legged round the nest, and began to prepare a suit of clothes for Bellah.

Out of one cabbage-leaf they made a beautiful coat, laced at every seam; of another they made a waistcoat; but it took two leaves for the trunk breeches, such as are worn in the country of Léon; lastly, the heart of

(1) A dwarfish sprite. See Illustration, p. 17.

the cabbage was shaped into a hat, and the stalk was converted into shoes.

Thus equipped, Bellah would have passed anywhere for a handsome young gentleman, in green velvet lined with white satin.

She thanked the korandon, who added some further instructions, and then her great bird flew away with her straight to the Isle of Lok. There she commanded him to resume the form of a crab-stick; and entering the swan-shaped boat arrived safely at the Groach's palace.

The fairy was quite taken at first sight with the velvet clad young Léonard.

"Well," quoth she to herself, "you are the best looking young fellow that has ever come to see me; and I do think I shall love you for three times three days."

And she began to make much of her guest, calling him her darling, and heart of hearts. She treated her with a collation, and Bellah found upon the table St. Corentin's knife, which had been left there by Houarn. She took it up against the time of need, and followed the Groach into the garden. There the fairy showed her the grass-plots, flowered with diamonds, the fountains of perfumed waters, and, above all, the fish-pond, wherein swam fishes of a thousand colours.

With these last Bellah made to be especially taken, so that she must needs sit down upon the edge of the pond, the better to enjoy the sight of them.

The Groach took advantage of her manifest delight to ask her if she would not like to spend all her days in this lovely place. Bellah replied that she should like it of all things.

"Well, then, so you may, and from this very hour, if you are only ready at once to marry me," proceeded the fairy.

"So I will," replied Bellah: "but you must let me fetch up one of these beautiful fishes with the steel net that hangs at your girdle."

The Groach, nothing suspecting, and taking this request for a mere boyish freak, gave her the net, saying with a smile, "Let us see, fair fisherman, what you will catch."

"Thee, fiend!" cried Bellah, throwing the net over the Groach's head. "In the name of the Saviour of men, accursed sorceress, become in body even as thou art in soul."

The cry uttered by the Groach died away in a stifled murmur, for the exorcism had already taken effect; the beautiful water fay was now nothing more than the hideous queen of toadstools.

In an instant Bellah drew to the net, and with all speed threw it into a well, upon which she laid a stone, sealed with the sign of the cross, that it might remain closed till the tombs shall be opened at the last day.

She then hastened back to the pond, but all the fish were already out of it, coming forth to meet her, like a procession of many coloured monks, crying in their little hoarse voices, "Behold our lord and master! who has delivered us from the net of steel, and the golden frying-pan."

"And who will also restore you to your shape of Christians," said Bellah, drawing forth the knife of St. Corentin. But as she was about to touch the first fish, she perceived close to her a green frog, with the magic bell hung about his neck, and sobbing bitterly as he knelt before her, his two little paws pressed upon his tiny heart. Bellah felt her bosom swell, and she exclaimed,—"Is it thou, is it thou, my Houarn, thou lord of my sorrow and my joy?"

"It is I," answered the befrozzed youth.

At a touch with the potent blade he recovered his proper form, and Bellah and he fell into each other's arms, the one eye weeping for the past, the other glistening with the present joy.

She then did the like for all the fishes, who were restored each of them to his pristine shape and condition.

The work of disenchantment was hardly at an end, when up came the little korandon from the Stag's Leap rock, drawn in his nest, as in a chariot, by six great cockchafers, which had just been hatched from the six eggs of stone.

"Here I am, my pretty maiden," cried he to Bellah: "the spell which held me where you saw me is broken, and I am come to thank you, for from a hen you have made me a man again."

§ He then conducted the lovers to the Groach's coffers, which were filled with precious stones, of which he begged them to take as many as they pleased.

They both loaded their pockets, their girdles, their hats, and even their great trunk breeches; and when they had as much as they could possibly carry, Bellah commanded her staff to become a winged chariot, of sufficient size to convey them to Lanillis, with all whom she had delivered from the enchantment.

The banns were soon published, and Houarn married his Bellah, as he had so long desired. But instead of a little cow and a lean pig, he bought all the land in the parish, and put in as farmers the people he had brought with him from the Isle of Lok.

THE POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

MAY-DAY, concluded from p. 14.

IN many parts of the country May-poles may yet be found. The writer of these pages saw one eighty feet high, on the village green of West Dean, Wilts, in the summer of 1836; and another, in a neighbouring parish, at the same period. From an account of a festival in St. James's District, Enfield, 1844, we learn that "there was running in sacks, and running blindfold, jingling, racing, and dancing round the May-pole; while the band played old national airs that our forefathers loved." "In crossing the Trent," says Washington Irving, in his interesting account of his visit to Newstead Abbey, "one seems to step back into old times; and in the villages of Sherwood Forest we are in a black-letter region. The moss-grown cottages, the lowly mansions of grey-stone, the Gothic crosses at each end of the villages, and the tall May-pole in the centre, transport us, in imagination, to foregone centuries. Every thing has a quaint and antiquated air." Upon this, Mr. Howitt observes:—"There is certainly a May-pole standing in the village of Linby, near Newstead, and there is one in the village of Farnsfield, near Southwell; but I have been endeavouring to recollect any others for twenty miles round, and cannot do it; and though garlands are generally hung on these poles on May-day, wreathed by the hands of some fair damsel, who has a lingering affection for the olden times, and carried up by some adventurous lad, alas! the dance beneath it, where is it? In the dales of Derbyshire, May-poles are more frequent, but the dancing I never saw." The late Dr. Parr was a patron of May-day festivities. Opposite his parsonage-house at Hatton, near Warwick, on the other side of the road, stood the parish May-pole, which, on the annual festival, was dressed with garlands, and surrounded by a numerous band of villagers. The Doctor was "first of the throng," and danced with his parishioners the gayest of the gay. He kept the large crown of the May-pole in the closet of his house, from whence it was produced every May-day, with fresh flowers and streamers, preparatory to its elevation, and to the Doctor's own appearance in the ring. He always spoke of this festivity as one wherein he joined with peculiar delight to himself, and advantage to his neighbours.

"A certain superstitious feeling," says Mr. Chambers, "attached to May-day. The dew of that morning was considered as a cosmetic of the highest efficacy; and women used to go abroad, before sunrise, to gather it. Maidens, also, threw it over their shoulder, in order to propitiate Fate in allotting them a good husband. In the *Morning Post*, May 2, 1701, it was mentioned that,

"yesterday, according to annual custom, a number of persons went into the fields, and bathed their faces with the dew on the grass, under the idea that it would make them beautiful." To this day, there is a resort of the fair sex, every May morning, to Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, for the same purpose. Mr. Pepys makes this entry in his Diary:—"My wife away to Woolwich, in order to a little air, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing to wash her face with." Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," observes,—“To be delivered from witches, they hang in their entries (among other things) hay-thorn, otherwise white-thorn, gathered on May-day.” Gay's "Shepherd's Week" describes another "quaint" superstition connected with this festival.

"Last May-day fair, I searched to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seized the vermin; home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawled the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes marked a curious L.
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove,
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."

A description of the festive customs still, or within these few years, remaining on May-day, in different parts of the kingdom, would occupy a number of this Magazine; and, of course, cannot, consequently, be given: yet our "Year Book" would be very incomplete without a brief account of some of the principal of them. There was formerly a practice of making fools on this day, similar to that which obtains on the first of April. The deluded were called *May-goats*. At Lynn, in Norfolk, the May garlands are made of two hoops of the same size fixed transversely, and attached to a pole or staff, with the end through the centre, and parallel to the hoops; bunches of flowers, interspersed with evergreens, are tied round the hoops, from the interior of which festoons of blown birds' eggs are usually suspended, and long strips of various coloured ribands are also pendant from the top. A doll, full dressed, of proportionate size, is seated in the centre, thus exhibiting an humble representation of *Flora*, surrounded by the "fragrant emblems of her consecrated offerings." These garlands are carried about the town in all directions, each with an attendant group of "juveniles," who blow, in deafening concert, the horns of bulls and cows. Each garland is subsequently dismounted from the staff, and suspended across a court or lane, where the amusement of throwing balls over it, from one to another, generally terminates the day. May-garlands, with dolls, are carried at Northampton by the neighbouring villagers. In Huntingdonshire, the children suspend a sort of crown of hoops, wreathed and ornamented with flowers, ribands, handkerchiefs, necklaces, silver spoons, &c., at a considerable height above the road, by a rope, extending from chimney to chimney of the cottages, and attempt, as at Lynn, to fling their balls over it from side to side, singing, and begging halfpence from the passengers. A doll, or larger figure, "sometimes makes an appendage in some side nook." The money collected is afterwards spent in a tea-drinking, with cakes, &c. At Cambridge, the children formerly had a similar "maulkin," before which they set a table, having wine on it, and begged money, with the supplication, "Pray remember the poor May-lady." As lately as last May-day, a May-pole was set up in a meadow behind the College walks, and the games were excellent. A Maid Marian figured among the dancers, who footed it merrily, till sunset, to the fiddle's jovial sound. "At Oxford," says Aubrey, "the boys do blow cows' horns and hollow canes all night; and on May-day the young maids of every parish carry about garlands of flowers,

which afterwards they hang up in their churches." In this city, also, at the hour of five on May-day morning, the choristers of the College of St. Mary Magdalene assemble on the top of the chapel tower, and sing a Latin hymn, in lieu of a requiem, which, before the Reformation, was performed in the same place for the soul of Henry VII. A singular custom used to be annually observed on May-day by the boys of Frindsbury, and the neighbouring town of Stroud. They met on Rochester bridge, where a skirmish ensued between them. "This combat," Brand remarks, "probably derived its origin from a drubbing received by the monks of Rochester, in the reign of Edward I." At Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, the youths and maidens used to come marching up to the May-pole with wands wreathed with cowslips, which they there struck together in wild enthusiasm, and scattered the flowers in a shower around them. At Padstow, in Cornwall, they have, or had lately, the procession of the hobby-horse. At Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, a large party of the town-people and neighbouring labourers parade the streets, soon after three o'clock in the morning, singing the "Mayer's Song." They carry in their hands large branches of May, and they affix one of these upon the doors of nearly every respectable house. Those of unpopular persons are marked with a bough of elder and a bunch of nettles instead. Throughout the day, parties of these Mayers are seen, dancing and frolicking, in various parts of the town. "The group that I saw to-day," says one of Mr. Hone's correspondents, "was composed as follows:—First came two men with their faces blacked, one of them with a birch broom in his hand, and a large artificial hump on his back; the other dressed as a woman, all in rags and tatters, with a large straw bonnet on, and carrying a ladle; these are called 'Mad Moll, and her husband.' Next came two men, one most fantastically dressed with ribands, and a great variety of gaudy-coloured handkerchiefs, tied round his arms, from the shoulders to the wrists, and down his thighs and legs to the ankles; he carried a drawn sword in his hand; leaning on his arm was a youth, dressed as a fine lady, in white muslin, and profusely bedecked from top to toe with gay ribands; these were called the 'Lord and Lady' of the company. After these followed six or seven couples more, attired much in the same style as the Lord and Lady, only the men were without swords. When this group received a satisfactory contribution at any house, the music struck up from a violin, clarionet, and fife, accompanied by the long drum, and they began the merry dance." While this continued, the principal amusement to the populace was caused by the grimaces and clownish tricks of Mad Moll and her husband. "When the circle of spectators became so contracted as to interrupt the dancers, then Mad Moll's husband went to work with his broom, and swept the road dust all round the circle into the faces of the crowd; and when any pretended affronts were offered to his wife, he pursued the offenders, broom in hand; if he could not overtake them, whether they were males or females, he flung the broom at them." The song intoned by these personages consists of seven religious verses, of great antiquity. It concludes as follows:—

"The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

"The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

At Great Gandsden, Cambridgeshire, "the farmers' young men-servants," says Mr. Howitt, "go and cut hawthorn, singing what we call the *Night Song*. They leave a bough at each house, according to the number of young persons in it. On the evening of May-day, and the following evening, they go round to every

house where they left a bush, singing *The May Song*. One has a handkerchief on a long wand for a flag, with which he keeps off the crowd. The rest have ribands in their hats." Hutchinson, in his *History of Northumberland*, tells us, "that a syllabub is prepared for the May-feast, which is made of warm milk from the cow, sweet cake, and wine; and a kind of divination is practised, by fishing with a ladle for a wedding ring, which is dropped into it, for the purpose of prognosticating who shall be first married." At Penzance, in Ireland, and in Wales, May dances and observances (to which we are sorry to say, we have only space to allude,) are still practised.

May 8.—On this day, at Helstone, in Cornwall, is held what is called "the Furry,"—a name supposed by Mr. Polwhele to have been derived from the old Cornish word *fer*, a fair or jubilee. The morning is ushered in by the music of drums and kettles, and other accompaniments of a song "not very comprehensible." So strict is the observance of this day as a general festival, that, should any person be found at work, he is instantly seized, set astride on a pole, and hurried on men's shoulders, amidst thousands of huzzas, to the river, where he is sentenced to leap over a wide place, which he, of course, fails in accomplishing, and jumps into the water. A small contribution, however, towards the expenses of the feast, saves him from this cooling. About nine o'clock, the mob gathers round the various seminaries, and demands a holiday for their youthful inmates, which request is acceded to; a collection from house to house is then commenced, towards the general fund. The "young folks," of both sexes, then *fade* into the country, (fade being an old English word for *go*,) and return at twelve, with flowers and oak branches in their hats and caps. On entering the town, they are joined by a band of music, and dance, hand in hand, through the streets, to the "Flora Tune." In their progress, they enter every house and garden they please, without distinction; all doors are opened, and, in fact, it is thought much of by the householders to be thus favoured.

The older branch of the population dance in the same manner; for it is to be noticed, they have select parties, and at different hours; no two sets dance together, or at the same time. "Then follow the gentry, which," says an eye-witness, "is really a very pleasing sight on a fine day, from the noted respectability of this rich borough. In this set, the sons and daughters of some of the first and noblest families of Cornwall join. The appearance of the ladies is enchanting. Added to their personal charms, in ball-room attire, each, tastefully adorned with beautiful spring flowers, in herself appears to the gazer's eye a *Flora*, and leads us to conceive the whole a scene from fairy land." The next set is the soldiers and their lasses; then come the tradesmen and their wives; journeymen and their "sweethearts;" and, "though last not least," the male and female servants, in splendid livery. In the evening a grand ball is always held at the assembly rooms; to which, in 1826, were added the performance of the "Honey-moon," at the theatre, a troop of horse at the circus, and an exhibition of sleight of hand, at the rooms. The borough, on this occasion, was thronged with visitors from all parts of the country. A writer, in 1790, states that at that period the dance round the streets was called a "Faddy." "In the afternoon," he adds, "the gentility go to some farm-house in the neighbourhood, to drink tea, syllabubs, &c., and return in a morris-dance to the town, where they form a Faddy, and dance through the streets till it is dark, claiming a right of going through any person's house—in at one door and out at another. And here it formerly used to end, and the company of all kinds to disperse quietly to their several habitations. . . . The ladies are now conducted by their partners to the ball-room, where they continue their dance till supper time; after which, they all faddy it out of the house, breaking off by degrees to their

respective houses. The mobility imitate their superiors, and also adjourn to the several public-houses, where they continue their dance till midnight." "There is no doubt," says Hone, "of the 'Furry' originating from the 'Floralia,' anciently observed by the Romans on the fourth of the kalends of May."

There is a tradition that St. Michael, the patron saint of Helstone, made his appearance, or apparition, as it is called, on the 8th of May, at St. Michael's Mount, on a rock called his chair. This may have been a reason for making the octave of the May feast, or 8th of May, a marked day at Helstone; and when May-day festivities became obsolete here, as elsewhere, the Furry-day continued to be observed, as at this present time, with much zeal and enjoyment.

THE FRIENDS.¹

Few have lived
As we have lived, unsevered; our young life
Was but a summer's frolic: we have been
Like two babes passing hand in hand along
A sunny bank of flowers. The busy world
Goes on around us, and its multitudes
Pass by me, and I look them in the face,
But cannot read such meaning as I read
In this of thine: and thou too dost but move
Among them for a season, but returnest
With a light step and smiles to our old seats,
Our quiet walks, our solitary bower.
Some we love well; the early presences
That were first round us, and the silvery tones
Of those most far-away and dreamy voices
That sounded all about us at the dawn
Of our young life,—these, as the world of things
Sets in upon our being like a tide,
Keep with us, and are ever uppermost.
And some there are, tall, beautiful, and wise,
Whose step is heavenward, and whose souls have past
Out from the nether darkness, and been born
Into a new and glorious universe,
Who speak of things to come; but there is that
In thy soft eye and long-accustomed voice
Would win me from them all.

For since our birth,
Our thoughts have flowed together in one stream:
All through the seasons of our infancy
The same hills rose about us—the same trees,
Now bare, now sprinkled with the tender leaf,
Now thick with full dark foliage; the same church,
Our own dear village-church, has seen us pray,
In the same seat, with hands clasped side by side;
And we have sung together: and have walked,
Full of one thought, along the homeward lane;
And so were we built upwards for the storm
That on my walls hath fallen unsparingly,
Shattering their frail foundations; and which thou
Hast yet to look for,—but hast found the help
Which then I knew not—rest thee firmly there!

When first I issued forth into the world,
Well I remember that unwelcome morn,
When we rose long before the accustomed hour
By the faint taper-light; and by that gate
We just now swung behind us carelessly,
I gave thee the last kiss:—I travelled on,
Giving my mind up to the world without,
Which poured in strange ideas of strange things,
New towns, new churches, new inhabitants:—
And ever and anon some happy child
Beneath a rose-trailed porch played as I past:

(1) From Poems, by the Rev. H. Alford. London: Burns.



And then the thought of thee swept through my soul,
 And made the hot drops stand in either eye :—
 And so I travelled—till between two hills,
 Two turf-enamelled mounds of brightest green,
 Stretched the blue limit of the distant sea,
 Unknown to me before :—then with strange joy,
 Forgetting all, I gazed upon that sea,
 Till I could see the white waves leaping up,
 And all my heart leapt with them :—so I past
 Southward, and neared that wilderness of waves,
 And stopt upon its brink ; and when the even
 Spread out upon the sky unusual clouds,
 I sat me down upon a wooded cliff,
 Watching the earth's last daylight fade away,
 Till that the dim wave far beneath my feet
 Did make low moanings to the infant moon,
 And the lights twinkled out along the shore ;
 Then I looked upwards, and I saw the stars,

Sirius, Orion, and the Northern wain,
 And the Seven Sisters, and the beacon-flame
 Of bright Arcturus,—every one the same
 As when I shewed them thee.—“ But yesternight,”
 I said, “ she gazed with me upon those stars :
 Why did we not agree to look on them
 Both at one moment every starlight night,
 And think that the same star beheld us both ?”

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of fruits and plants from the seed which is committed to it. This is one, and perhaps the original use of the word. But we also say that we cultivate the plants and fruits themselves; and by that we mean that, applying our labour and skill to cause them to be produced in as great perfection as possible, we thereby effect a progressive improvement, more or less marked, in their character and qualities. We know from experience that we can do this; that improvement in the quality of any product of the earth is the unfailing result of continued and judicious cultivation; and so uniform and certain is this result, that we have come to express our conviction

tion of its certainty in the very word which we use to denote the effort to arrive at it. We have caused the word "cultivate," as applied to any product of the earth, to mean not merely the endeavour to produce it, but the improvement in its quality, which is the invariable consequence of that endeavour, when sufficiently sustained and rightly directed. When we speak of a man's cultivating the apple, we do not mean merely that he causes apples to grow, or that he goes on producing year after year, unimproved, the sour crab which, we believe, was the original progenitor of all the varieties of that excellent fruit; we mean that he is carrying on the process, which has already had the effect of converting the diminutive and useless crab into the valuable and delicious fruit, which, in such varied profusion, adorns and enriches our orchards.

In passing from the primary signification of the word "cultivate," as expressing the physical processes intended to affect the operations of the earth in the production of fruits, to its application to analogous operations upon our moral and intellectual powers, we shall not here attempt to follow out the distinction we have drawn between its two significations, to the extent of separating that operation which corresponds to the cultivation of the ground, from that which corresponds to the cultivation of its fruits. We believe both to be more or less implied in every application of the word to the moral discipline which our minds undergo. But of far more importance than any amount of success in drawing fine metaphysical or logical distinctions between any of the operations of our minds, or the terms by which it may be right to describe them, is the discovery, and application to our conduct in life, of the practical lesson to be drawn from the fact, that a word descriptive of physical processes carried on every day under our eyes, and the mode of whose operation, or at least the external machinery by which they are conducted to the desired results, is the subject of actual observation, has been, by that general consent of mankind, more unerring by far than the most refined speculations of philosophy, which alone can give currency to any particular acceptation of a word, transferred to functions of our invisible and spiritual part, of which our senses can take no cognizance, and of which, without the aid of such material analogies, we should have a very dim and indistinct conception.

A common understanding of the expression "self-cultivation," is that it means something similar to "self-education;" that is, that we conduct the moral and intellectual training of our minds for ourselves, instead of leaving it to be done by others. But this, though undoubtedly implied in it, is only a part, and the least important part of its meaning; it points to the agent merely; it leaves unexplained the thing done, and it presents no indication of the means by which it is to be done. These we find in the analogy furnished by the more extended use of the word "self-cultivation" for which we contend, namely that, when we speak of *self-cultivation*, we mean a man's cultivating himself, implying thereby that, in so doing, he effects upon himself an improvement analogous to that which, by the judicious employment of the means suggested by experience, the cultivator of any plant or fruit effects upon its nature and qualities.

Do we possess such a power? Can we so cultivate ourselves? Can we regulate the growth of our moral and intellectual powers, so as, in the end, to give the preponderance of strength to such of them as will constitute us beings largely improved in true nobility of nature? Such a question, if we have any means whatever of answering it, is unquestionably one of the most important which can be addressed to the mind of man.

It would appear to be a law of our nature—it certainly is so in the case of our bodily frame—that our ability to perform any act is increased by each effort that we make to perform it. We do not say this merely in reference to the increased skill which practice always confers, but to the increased power of the organs em-

ployed. Workmen, the nature of whose employment brings a particular set of muscles constantly into play, acquire a degree of strength in those muscles which is truly astonishing, and altogether out of proportion to the general strength of their bodies. The arm of a blacksmith, for example, though he may be in other respects no stronger than ordinary men, becomes, by the continual use which he is obliged to make of it, a weapon as formidable as the ponderous fore-hammer which he wields as if it were a child's toy. In all other employments it is the same. Those muscles, which are most frequently brought into exercise, become developed to an extent much beyond the general growth of the body.

On the other hand, where any particular set of muscles are kept in an unnatural condition of inactivity, they are left behind the rest of the body in its advancement to maturity of strength. The experience of most men can furnish abundant illustrations of this fact. A limb, so distorted at birth, or by early accident, as to make the natural use of it impossible, or difficult and painful, and which in consequence is never or seldom used, remains through life in a condition of the most helpless feebleness. This is the reason—we know of no other—why, in the case of the generality of men, the left hand is weaker than the right. The general inclination to use the right hand in preference to the left, to whatever cause it may be owing, and the consequently greater amount of exercise enjoyed by the former, cause it to advance far ahead of the other in the attainment of strength. It would appear as if exercise—the habitual repetition of the acts for which it was intended by nature—were part of the necessary aliment of the muscular part of our frame; as essential to its full development as the flow of blood through our veins, the admission of air to the lungs, and the mastication, digestion, and assimilation of food are to the preservation of life. Campbell's beautiful line,

"The might that *slumbers* in a peasant's arm,"

would thus appear, exquisite as is the poetical image it presents, to be founded on a physical error. Might cannot continue to slumber in any arm. If it does so it dies. It may be noiseless, unobtrusive, putting itself forth in hidden directions where its movements escape notice, but it has not been asleep. Had it slept, it would not have been to be found when wanted, nor been able to step forth into vigorous action when the necessity for its appearance arose.

Into the rationale of this arrangement of Nature it is unnecessary to enter. No matter whether we are able or not to explain, why or how it is, that every exercise of our muscles in the mode intended by Nature adds to their strength, and that, by neglecting or avoiding to exercise them, we prevent them from acquiring the strength necessary for enabling them to maintain their due place in our system; it is enough for us to know that the fact is so—that it is a *law*, upon whose uniform operation we can repose with unerring certainty. It points out to us the means by which we can bring our bodily frame to the highest state of perfection of which its original constitution will admit; and it also indicates to us, by a very natural analogy, a means by which we may probably reach the utmost attainable perfection of our moral nature—strengthening what is good—weakening and deadening what is evil.

The influence of habit, or of the frequent repetition of such acts as are the object of any natural tendency, appetite, or desire, in increasing the intensity of the natural feeling which prompts to their performance, is matter of the commonest observation. It proves to us that we have, in one class of cases at least, reason for inferring the existence of an analogy between the body and the mind in regard to the increase of strength derived by any organ of either from the frequent exercise of its functions. For the desire, or appetite, though closely related to the body, and incapable, perhaps, of being

exercised otherwise than through its instrumentality, is in itself a purely mental affection; and, as it undeniably derives continued accessions of strength from the simple fact of being repeatedly put forth, we have it thus proved that one class of mental affections does derive strength from exercise; and we, therefore do no violence to the most cautious principles of reasoning when we infer, as a matter of the highest probability, that it is a general law, that *all* our powers, moral and intellectual, as well as bodily, derive their strength from continued and well regulated exercise, and dwindle away, sicken, and die in the absence of that necessary aliment.

It is therefore no delusion, but a great practical truth, that we can cultivate ourselves, as a gardener cultivates a rich fruit, so as to make ourselves in the end something very different from, and infinitely superior to, the unpromising affair which we found ourselves at starting; that we can cause what is good in us to grow in magnitude and strength, until it becomes the predominating part of our being; and that we can reduce the evil to such a condition of feebleness and insignificance, that it shall, in the end, almost cease to give us any annoyance. And the mode of cultivation which we are to adopt, is just the continued and regular exercise of those feelings and principles of action which we wish to cause to predominate, and systematically retaining in a state of inactivity those which we wish to weaken and destroy.

It is a mistake, we suspect, often fallen into—at least we have ourselves been conscious of an unacknowledged feeling of the kind,—to feel as if it were hopeless, and therefore scarcely a duty, to attempt to enter upon the exercise of a virtue to which we are conscious of not possessing a strong natural tendency, or of possessing, perhaps, a tendency to its opposite vice. Under the influence of this mistake, the utmost that is done is to allow our virtuous aspirations to evaporate in mere longings after the possession of a better spirit, as aimless and unpractical as the wishes of a man of unattractive personal appearance that his limbs were better formed, and his features more regular and expressive. There is a sort of imagination, that virtuous actions are to be expected only from men so constituted as that to act virtuously costs them no effort; and thus, instead of manfully setting about being virtuous, we are too apt, even in our best moods, to satisfy ourselves with merely wishing that we were so. We invert the true order of things. We expect to find ourselves at the goal before we have entered upon the course. We exemplify the folly of the man immortalized by the Greek Joe Miller, Hierocles, who having been nearly drowned in an attempt to swim, resolved never again to touch water until he had become perfect in the art. It is, we may rely upon it, as true in morals, that a virtuous spirit is only to be attained by continued and sustained efforts to perform virtuous deeds, as it is, in physics, that the art of swimming can only be acquired by repeated attempts to swim.

There is a certain amount of honesty in abstaining from acts, the performance of which is generally accepted as evidence of an inclination, which we are conscious we do not possess, towards any particular virtue. We cannot help, amid all our disapprobation for his irregularity of conduct, feeling some sort of respect for the man who dares to appear better than he really is. It is undeniably one point of goodness, not to be a hypocrite. But let us not make more of it than it is worth, nor fall into the mistake of accepting the reverse of wrong for right. Hypocrisy has been very happily, but not quite accurately, described to be an homage which vice renders to virtue. It is an acknowledgment of the superior excellence of the latter, and so far serves a useful purpose that it bears public testimony to a truth. The homage itself is a right thing, and the withholding of it, a serious crime; but, to describe hypocrisy truly, we must add something more to the definition. Its essence consists in this, that it is an homage paid by vice to virtue to serve the purposes of vice; that it is a yielding

of outward reverence to the good, in order more securely to bestow the affections of the heart upon the evil. The bad man who refuses to put on the outward appearance of a regard for virtue which he does not feel, is one step further removed from utter reprobation, than he who endeavours, by a show of outward reverence for virtue, to secure a larger license for vicious indulgence; but only one step. He is more offensive, without being more respectable, than he who, though feeling no desire, and making no effort, after amelioration of character, shows so far a deference for what he knows to be right, as to cast a decent veil over his moral deformities. And he is not only offensive, but a fool, if he makes his boasted dislike of hypocrisy an excuse for holding back from that course of virtuous endeavour, which we believe to be the only means within our reach of acquiring, and rearing up to maturity of strength, virtuous inclinations.

Let no man, therefore, who truly desires to become better than he is, suffer his consciousness of the present want of strong moral principle, or of a real inclination for what he knows to be right, to deter him from the endeavour to act as these feelings would prompt him to do if he possessed them. If he feels humiliated by the reflection that his conduct speaks a different language from his heart, and fears that, on that account, he may be chargeable with hypocrisy, let him console himself by reflecting, that, in adopting the outward demeanour, the habits, and practices of virtue, he is taking the most effectual means in his power for bringing round his heart to a right tone of moral feeling; and that, so long as the object of the appearance of virtue which he puts on, is that he may thereby gain the reality, he is free from that which constitutes the very essence of hypocrisy.

Let us take, for example, the case of a man who is naturally of an avaricious disposition—of slow and reluctant sympathies for the sufferings of others, and whose habitual inclination, when he sees any one in need of assistance, is to pass by on the other side. If such a man, impressed by some means with the persuasion that he would be a better man, happier, and more estimable, if his heart were more open to sympathy for the distresses of his neighbours, and his hand more ready to relieve them, continues to act on the impression that a change of his natural disposition must precede any available attempt on his part to change the course of his outward actions, he will never succeed in changing either. Mere wishes, not carried out into action, will be as little productive of permanent effect, as the slight breeze which ruffles the surface of the lake. The breeze falls, and the water returns to its former condition of calm placidity. The slight sickly seed of sympathy within him, will sicken yet more and more from the want of its proper nourishment, until at last it sinks beyond all possibility of recovery. But, on the other hand, let him begin by doing, no matter how grudgingly,—with what constraint upon his inclinations,—that which the feelings he desires to possess would prompt him to do in the circumstances if he had them—let him give, however unwillingly,—let him act the part of the good Samaritan, with however bad a grace,—and let him but continue steadfastly so doing; the selfish hardness of his heart will by degrees give way under the repeated strokes of this wholesome discipline; the sympathies forcibly called into action will acquire the habit of coming spontaneously; the habits of his mind, the tendency of his feelings, will fall into a new track, over which they will travel with ease and vigour; that which was at first a painful constraint will grow to be a pleasurable impulse; by a moral chemistry, analogous to that by which we convert the food we eat into a part of our bodily frame, the mind, daily nourished upon virtuous habits, will assimilate them into virtuous principles; until, by this course of *self-cultivation*, the whole character of the man is changed: the crab is converted into an apple.

We might go over the whole catalogue of the virtues in like manner, and illustrate by each of them the prin-

ciple of self-cultivation which we have been endeavouring to enforce. We might show that there is no one quality which gives a man a pre-eminence over his fellows, which is not, to a greater or less degree, within the reach of whoever will take the trouble of placing himself under the requisite training for its attainment; that, making the proper allowance for constitutional differences, the existence of which it would be folly to deny, every quality of which a seed, however minute, exists in the mind, may be made to grow up into strength, or sink into inanity, according to the direction which we give to our active habits.

The advantage of this mode of looking at the question of self-training, is that it is pre-eminently practical; that it clears away from the subject the haze which invests it, as long as we speak of the mind, its faculties, or inclinations, as things to be moved or affected by the will. We feel assured that we speak to the experience of many of our readers,—that we recall to their minds the recollection of many a feeling of anxious bewilderment, connected with that portion of their lives when the mind most perplexes itself with high and abstruse questions—the period of emerging from early childhood, when we refer to the inevitable obscurity attending such precepts as direct us to be this or be that, but fail to indicate what we are to do in order to be what is required. How often, after listening with submissive reverence to the sage and serious counsels of an affectionate parent—admirable in every thing but the want of a distinct practical bearing—does the child depart, his heart glowing with a longing for the purity of heart, the heavenly serenity of temper, the resolute courage in the path of duty, which have been so feelingly urged upon him, but his mind hopelessly perplexed with the inquiry, to which he can find no satisfactory answer, “How am I to set about it? What thing am I to do that I may attain all this?” He feels that he cannot lay his hand upon the mind itself, and make it abide until he has moulded it according to the model set before him; and he does not know what else he can do. How great a relief would he not find from his perplexity in the simplicity, the directness, the almost mechanical practicability of the precept, which, bidding him give up as useless the attempt to produce a permanent effect upon the mind by a mere effort of volition, however sustained, or by any other means pointed directly at the mind itself, shows him how he can accomplish the object by entering upon a course of action involving no mystery as to means, and every step of which is placed under the direct and undivided control of the will!

If we are right in the view we have taken of this subject, it follows that no original faultiness of constitution can ever be a sufficient excuse for permanent degradation of character. Whatever may be the case with regard to occasional outbursts of natural temper or disposition, no man can go on saying with truth of any course of action to the end of the chapter, “I could not help it.” There is nothing which we cannot help, unless it be the height of our stature, or the hue of our skin. These we cannot alter “by taking thought;” but, in other respects, we are our own gardeners, having it in our power to make of ourselves very much what we please, to cause one branch to grow and another to wither away, as we find to be most conducive to the eventual perfection of our being.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE contemplation of living nature has always riveted the attention of thoughtful men, and opened innumerable sources of the purest enjoyment to the

inquiring intellects of every age. The numberless forms of beauty and grandeur which crowd this universe, have such a deep significance, that all truth-seeking minds must stand and gaze reverently, till the great phenomena are understood.

When we consider that millions upon millions of living beings, each possessing an organization the mysteries of which baffle all the acuteness of our philosophy, present daily subjects for speculation, it is no matter of surprise to find multitudes drawn to the spectacle. The theme is not deep and recondite, for beauty is here united with simplicity, whilst a rich diversity of facts ensures a constant flow of interest.

The subjects of natural history are ever at hand; all parts of the earth, every ocean region, and the wide far-stretching aerial spaces, pour forth a stream of life for our contemplation. Thus the world is but one great cabinet of wonders, open to all who have acquired the ability to use it rightly. How pitiable to live in this vast museum of nature, ignorant of the beauties surrounding us, seeing no mystery, and therefore impressed by no reverence! Such resemble the rustic, who walked without interest through a gallery, rich in the great works of many ages, but was, in the next hour, thrown into ecstasies by the tumbles of a harlequin. The countryman did not understand the objects displayed; hence his mind kindled not. In like manner, indifference to the great facts of nature arises from our ignorance of those bright facts, and glorious revelations, which light up with a mysterious splendour the whole system of nature.

Let us, therefore, look into the universe of life: let us gaze upon the countless proofs of wisdom, and goodness, in the worlds of animated existence; assured that, from the minutest invisible animalculæ, through every order of being, we shall find matter to enlarge the intellect and improve the heart.

It is, therefore, our purpose to furnish a series of articles, comprehending the most important and interesting facts in natural history, so arranged that each department shall have its due share of attention, and all its parts presented in a certain number of consecutive papers. Each division of a subject will be discussed before proceeding to the next; and thus the reader will possess an unbroken and full view of the whole series.

We commence with the inhabitants of the air, a department of Natural History abounding in diversified and striking facts. From the age of Aristotle to the present period, Ornithology has won for itself the attention of the most distinguished zoologists, who have devoted their best years to the illustrations of its facts and principles. Some, carried away by their enthusiasm, have given up, for a time, the pleasures of civilization, penetrated into wild regions, and made their homes in almost inaccessible forests, for the better observation of the habits and instincts of the feathered tribes. Nor let any too hastily conclude such pursuits beneath the dignity of man. God is known by his works; and the glory of the Eternal may be as clearly manifested by the organization of a bird, as by the structure of a planet.

It is evident that birds must be classed according to their several natures, in order that a clear survey may be taken of their history. No extensive subject can be studied, without some arrangement of its facts; and the better the disposition, the greater will be the

facility given to the student in prosecuting his researches. We do not intend to describe minutely the various systems of classification advocated by different authors, as a sentence or two will suffice for stating the principles on which all classification is founded.

If two birds are seen at the same time, one feeding on land, the other in the water, no person, however ignorant of ornithology, would place them in the same order. We would call the one a land, the other a water bird. This is the primary division made by the celebrated English naturalists, Willoughby and Ray, whose system was published about the year 1676. They divide the whole feathered creation into land and water birds—an arrangement which is both simple and natural. Again, we may perceive a striking dissimilarity between two land birds; and this diversity requires further classification. One may be a bird of prey, the other a feeder on grain. All of the first kind, we should class by themselves, and call the whole order *raptores*, from the Latin word *raptor*, which denotes a plunderer. The feeders on grain we should designate by the term *Granivori*, signifying grain eaters. These divisions we call orders.

But we might discover some remarkable differences between the birds in one of these orders; as, for instance, the eagle and the owl are both placed in the order *raptores*; but they are widely separated by some obvious peculiarities.

Hence arises the necessity for a further division. The eagles would be classed by themselves, under the name *falconide*, which includes all birds of the falcon kind. The owls we should arrange in a group, by the term *strigide*, a word derived from *strix*, the Latin for an owl. These subdivisions are called families; and, in a regular system, would thus be placed.

ORDERS Raptores.

First family, *falconide*.

Second family, *strigide*.

These remarks may serve to illustrate the principles of scientific classification; and the following outline of what is called the *Linnean* system, may more clearly exemplify the usual methods of classification.

First order, *raptores*, or birds of prey; which includes vultures, eagles, owls, and butcher-birds.

Second order, *picæ*, or *pics*. This includes numerous birds, such as the crow, bird of paradise, cuckoo, and parrot.

Third order, *passeres*; a large order, including the pigeon, thrush, finches, robins, &c.

Fourth order, *gallinæ*; comprehending all the poultry kind: such as the pheasant, peacock, and turkey.

Fifth order, *grallæ*. These are wading birds, as the heron, bittern, woodcock, and snipe.

Sixth order, *anseræ*, including all of the geese and duck kind.

This arrangement is not given as the most perfect, but as sufficiently explicit for the general reader. The naturalist is well aware of the imperfections clinging to most systems of classification; but it would be useless to weary the reader with comparisons between the classifications of Linneus, Pennant, Cuvier, and Temminck. Nor would the most enthusiastic ornithologist be much edified by an analysis of the Quinary system, with its orders, tribes, and families of *fives*.

We shall now proceed to notice some facts connected with the organization and habits of birds, which may prepare the reader to enter with advantage into the details of the ensuing articles.

Flight of Birds.—The first phenomenon which attracts the attention of those who observe the peculiarities of birds, is that of flight. The easy and beautifully undulatory motion of an animal body through the air, commands the attention of the most sluggish.

How do birds fly? is a question which a child may

ask, but to which many men are unable to reply. Most have a notion that the bird is somehow raised by the wings striking against the air, but here the ideas stop.

The act of flying is the result of a series of complicated and beautiful agencies, illustrating the character of that infinite wisdom, which is equally adorable, whether manifested in the workings of the solar system, or developed in the muscular action of a winged animal.

Let us notice a bird in the act of rising from the ground. The animal does not rely first upon its wings, but uses the legs to assist it in making a spring upwards, by which it clears the ground, and secures air-room for the action of the wings.

Any one who observes the rising of a bird, must notice the crouch by which it prepares for the spring; and which may be compared to the plunge made by a diver into the water. So essential is the action of the legs in this spring, that birds with very short legs, as the swift, rarely alight upon the ground, as if conscious of the difficulty of rising.

When the bird has clearly risen from the ground, the agency of the wings is at once applied. As the arms of a swimmer, sweeping through the water, give the body an impulse, so the wings of a bird, striking another fluid, sends the animal forwards or upwards, according to the direction of the impulse. When the wings are raised to make the impelling stroke, they are kept as closely folded as possible, in order to diminish the resistance of the air; but, in making the stroke, each wing is fully expanded, to render that resistance as great as possible. Thus the rower feathers his oar, or turns the edge to the wind when bringing it forwards, but presents the whole breadth of the blade to the water in making the stroke. By such a series of rapid strokes the flight is performed.

But a further provision for facilitating this aerial locomotion must be noticed. The larger bones of a bird are hollow, and without marrow; these cavities are filled with air from the lungs when the bird flies, and thus the body becomes much lighter than is possible in the case of an animal whose bones are solid or filled with marrow. Besides the air cells just named, there are numerous cavities interspersed through the body, into which air is injected.

The air is rarefied by the heat of the bird's body, and must therefore act upon it as gas upon a balloon, tending to raise the whole trunk upwards.

This inflation of the body must evidently be an important auxiliary in promoting the flight of birds, especially of those which soar to great heights. We need hardly remind the reader that all the feathers of a full grown bird are hollow, as the inspection of a quill will show; these are also filled with air in flying; so that every part of a bird during flight is filled with gas like a balloon. In addition to all these means, birds are furnished with muscles of great strength; those which move a swallow's wing being at least seventy times stronger in proportion to the other muscles, than those which move the human arm. From all these combinations directed to one end, arise those varied, graceful, and easy motions, exhibited in the long sweep of the eagle, and the circling flight of the pigeon.

Hence we cannot wonder at the failure of all attempts to enable man to fly; for no machinery can provide the human body with air cells, by which its specific gravity might be diminished; nor can an arm acquire muscular power to move artificial wings, with the force which a bird exerts in each of its numerous strokes.

Hence we must ever yield to birds the realms of air, in spite of all our balloons and highly-wrought mechanical devices.

The Feet of Birds.—These, though of less importance to most birds than the wings, require a few observations. The feet and legs of birds are as beautifully adapted to their several modes of life as the wings. This, indeed, we should expect, for all the productions of an infinite designer must be equally perfect. The differences between the feet of birds have a great influence in fixing

their place in ornithological arrangements, for it is obvious that the duck's paddle-shaped feet fit it for the water; whilst those of the swallow, or sparrow, are formed for perching and clinging to branches, twigs, or other projections.

Those birds which seek their food in marshes, and shallow waters, as the heron, require long legs to assist them in wading; and with these they are provided; whereas, such limbs would be an incumbrance to the hawk, which requires a powerful grasping apparatus.

Most persons, doubtless, have observed a bird sleeping on its perch: and some may have wondered how a sleeping bird maintains its position on one leg during the most tempestuous night, when the branches of the gnarled oak are tossed to and fro by the storm; yet there the little slumberer rests safely, whilst our strongest houses tremble to their foundation. The mechanism of the bird's leg secures this result without effort. The moment a bird perches upon a branch the weight of its body causes the leg to bend at the joint; this bending tightens a set of muscles which descend to the toes; this stretching of the muscles forces the claws to contract round the substance on which the bird stands. Thus the claws are kept tightly grasped round the twig till the bird chooses to move. Such is the simple and beautiful mechanism by which the smallest of the feathered race maintains its hold by one leg during the longest night; and a bird is most completely at rest when standing, for this stretching of the muscle does not require the slightest labour on the part of a bird. The shape of a bird's body requires a peculiar organization of the feet. The body projects forward, very much, hence the toes must be long, to give a strong base of support, and prevent the bird from falling forward. All birds have feet and legs, though sometimes they are very short; hence the term *apodæ* (footless), given to some, and especially to the birds of paradise, is erroneously applied.

The sight of birds—is another point deserving consideration. The vast height to which some birds soar, and their detection of small objects from such immense altitudes, prove the possession of strong seeing organs. It has been proved by repeated experiments, that birds can see minute objects at distances beyond the power of the human eye, and it is supposed that the carrier pigeon is guided in its voyages by the eye alone. Soaring circle above circle, it gains at last a view of its well-known home, and flies direct to its destination.

The kite frequently rises to a height beyond our view, but mice, and the smallest animals, can be discerned with ease from its loftiest ranges.

By what peculiar organization of the eye do birds possess this astonishing power of sight? *The optic nerve*—is very much expanded, and thus numerous sensations are received by a bird to which our organs are insensible. The eyes of birds are also much larger in proportion to their size than those of other animals; hence some birds are completely overpowered by the full glare of the sun, and come abroad in the evening, when their exquisitely constructed organs are able to extract abundant light from the dimness of twilight.

The circle of vision must be very great in birds, for an eye being placed on either side of the head, they must take in nearly two semicircles of the whole horizon. A man sees the same object with both eyes, but a bird may see at the same time, a tree on one side, and a man on the other; and each perception be distinct and accurate. The eyes of birds are defended from injuries in their rapid flights, and from the intense glare of the sun, by a kind of curtain, which can be drawn at will over the eye. It is transparent, and thus the organ of vision is protected, and sight not obstructed. The eyelids form an additional defensive curtain, for these, being large, especially the lower one, are of themselves a secure protective case.

Hearing of birds.—When we observe the human ear, we see an extended conformation fitted to collect sounds.

No such structure is perceived in the generality of birds; hence some have imagined that their power of hearing must be feeble. This however is not the fact. Birds have no external ear, because such an appendage to the head would have interfered with their movements through the air, but they possess an auditory conformation perfectly adapted to their natures. The aptness for imitating sounds and musical compositions, proves great quickness of ear. Birds have been known to listen with every symptom of delight to pieces of music, and to manifest anger when their favourite melodies have been exchanged for others. Thus a pigeon listened to the performance of Madame Piozzi on the harpsichord, and detected any variation from correctness, which the lady often made to test its delicacy of ear.

The nightingale distinguishes a rival in song, when the distance requires the nicest attention and quickest ear in man to detect the remote melody. Thus the absence of an external ear must be compensated by great delicacy of structure in the internal organ.

Voice of Birds.—The variety, strength, and beauty of the sounds uttered by these inhabitants of the air, delight all persons. As our observations must be brief, the reader must not expect a treatise on the song of birds. Such notices will be given, as opportunity offers, in the subsequent papers.

The lungs and windpipe of birds may be compared to an organ or bagpipe; the lungs supply the wind, and the windpipe represents the pipes. The sounds produced by some have a startling resemblance to those proceeding from a hautboy, or clarinet; and the various windings of the windpipe may be likened to the turns of a French horn, or the divisions of a bassoon.

Muscles of great power have been demonstrated by anatomists to exist in the vocal organs of birds noted for their power of voice; and the cries of many birds, as storks and geese, reach us when they are more than a league above the earth. When the rarity of the higher parts of the air, and the downward passage of the sound, are considered, we must regard the vocal organs of these birds as possessing five or six times the strength of the human voice.

There are evidently certain notes which birds of all species understand, especially the alarm cry, sounded on the approach of danger. Thus, let a hawk be descried by a swallow, the latter raises a peculiar cry: from every spot a host of other birds, swallows, sparrows, robins, finches, &c., rush to the place, as if to meet in battle array their foe.

Birds which move in troops by night, as geese, cranes, and the like, have a note which enables them to avoid straggling in the dark. There is, also, a peculiar cry uttered by many birds, upon the discovery of a large feeding ground, which never fails to bring troops of their species to the place. Hence, for strife, or peace, there are fixed sounds, understood by all birds of the same race, and, in some cases, by all birds whatever.

The variations in the notes of birds are numerous, and result from differences in the windpipe, just as large organ pipes produce a deeper tone than those of a smaller diameter. Some connexion appears to exist between the nature of the bill and the character of the song; for all soft-billed birds have mellow and plaintive voices, whilst those of the hard-billed kind are lively and harsher. The former also sing more from the lower part of the throat than the latter, and thus acquire that rich mellowness of note, possessed in its highest perfection by the nightingale.

Birds of the same species do not keep to one note; and White illustrates this fact in his account of some owls. He says, "A friend remarks that most owls hoot in B flat; but that one went almost half a note below A." "A neighbour of mine remarks that the owls about the village, hoot in their different keys, in G flat, or F sharp, in B flat, and A flat. The note of the cuckoo varies in different individuals; for about Selbourne wood they were mostly in D. He heard two

sing together, the one in D, the other in D sharp, which made a disagreeable concert; he afterwards heard one in D sharp, and some in C."

Here this introductory article must be brought to a close. In the next part, we shall describe the habits, uses, and peculiarities of birds of prey, illustrating those topics by appropriate facts and observations.

THE HOLY CITY.

[Second Notice.]

"Even the lifeless stone is dear
For thoughts of Him."

Holy Scripture, and all the ancient writers, agree that the site of Calvary was formerly without the city; but it has been brought within its bounds by a later disposition of the walls. The credit of the whole church, Mr. Williams says, for fifteen hundred years, is in some measure involved in the tradition relating to the Holy Sepulchre; and we are bound to weigh with jealousy the evidence adduced by Dr. Robinson and Dr. Clarke, which would convict of fraud and hypocrisy the brightest lights of the universal Church, at a period which we are taught to regard as "uncorrupt," when Christianity was "most pure, and, indeed, golden." "Either they were impostors," says Mr. Williams, "or they had sufficient evidence to believe that they had really recovered the Sepulchre of our Lord. And it is remarkable that the strongest objection that has been urged against the authority of the tradition, is such as it would have been most easy to obviate—such as an impostor would have been certain to foresee, and most careful to anticipate."

We have not space to follow Mr. Williams in his long controversy with Dr. Robinson, respecting the Holy Sepulchre, but shall now proceed to abridge his account of that holy place, and the localities around it. The Sepulchre itself consists of two chambers, whereof the outer one is said to have been built by St. Helena, while the inner one is represented as the very cave, hewn out of the rock, where was the tomb of our Lord. The very spot where the holy body is said to have lain, is now covered with marble to protect it from injury. "The tomb was designed by Joseph for his own burial, so that it had but one receptacle; and, as it had known no occupant before, so we may be well assured that it would know none after it had been so honoured, but would be preserved inviolate by its believing owner, who would provide himself another resting-place, probably in the same sacred garden." The Sepulchre stands in the centre of a circular building, covered with a handsome dome left open at the top, in order that the tomb may be exposed to the canopy of heaven. Opposite to the entrance of the cave is the door of the Greek church, supposed to occupy the site of the Basilica erected by Constantine. This is the finest church in Jerusalem, excepting only the magnificent church of St. James, attached to the Armenian convent on Mount Zion. It is of large dimensions, and surmounted by a cupola of considerable size. A cloister runs completely round the church without, forming the means of communication between the sacred localities, common to all the Christians.

The church of the Franciscans is a meaner building, to the north of the Sepulchre, and is called the Church

of the Apparition. Mr. Williams thus describes the other parts of the sacred building: "The Armenians worship in one of the galleries of the Rotunda; the Syrians have a small chapel in the thickness of the wall to the west of the Sepulchre; while the Copts have their altar in a small erection, scarcely large enough to admit the officiating priest, at the west of the cave itself. There are also apartments in the neighbourhood of the respective chapels, assigned to the monks of these several churches, who wait continually on their ministry at the sacred places, and live immured, as it were, within the walls; while other chapels, commemorative of events connected with our Saviour's Passion, in various parts of the building, occupy the remainder of the sacred enclosure, which is of considerable extent.

"The entrance is from a paved court on the south side, through the westernmost of two handsome doorways, with an architrave in bas-relief, representing our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The first object that attracts attention within the building is the stone of unction in the vestibule. . . . Proceeding a few paces down this [south] cloister, [the pilgrim] finds on the right a flight of eighteen steps leading up to the chapel of the Holy Golgotha; and if he be an oriental he will put off his shoes from his feet, and approach with reverential awe the scene of his Lord's last Passion, and draw near on bended knees to the very spot of the Crucifixion. If he be an Englishman or American, the attendant priest will not look for such a deportment; he will expect nothing more than a look of indifference, or at most of idle curiosity, and will be prepared for sceptical objections; he will even look for an expression of incredulity, and an apparent predetermination to disbelieve. It is sad to think that a person in Frank habit, kneeling at Calvary and the Sepulchre of Christ, and offering up his devotions at these sacred spots, venerated by Christians of all nations for fifteen hundred years, should be as it were a monster to those who witness it; but such is the fact. . . . At the east end of the north side of the double chapel he will see a platform raised about a foot and a half from the floor, covered with white marble; and, under the altar of the orthodox he will observe a hole in the marble, communicating with a deep bore in the solid rock, in which he will be told that our Saviour's cross was erected. Near this, on his right, he will see another incision in the marble, showing a fissure in the rock, said to have been occasioned by the earthquake which occurred at the time of the Crucifixion.¹ If he examine it minutely he will perceive that 'the insides do testify that art had no hand therein, each side to other being answerably rugged, and these where inaccessible to the workmen.' The continuation of this cleft may be seen in the chapel of the Forerunner, below Golgotha. . . ."

We are then conducted to the cave where St. Helena is supposed to have discovered the cross of our Lord:—"Descending from Golgotha, and passing down the cloister towards the east, we come to a wide staircase, leading down twenty-nine steps to a chapel of the Armenians, where they show the throne of St. Helena; and then, by thirteen more, into the cave where the cross of our Lord is said to have been discovered. There the rock overhangs the chapel, which is formed in its cavity.

"The Invention of the Holy Cross, which is commemorated in the English calendar on May 3, would seem to be historically connected with St. Helena's visit, and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; and a writer, who is least disposed to admit the reality of the discovery, is forced to acknowledge, that 'notwithstanding the silence of Eusebius, there would seem to be hardly any part of history better accredited than the alleged discovery of the true cross'"

(1) "It is said to have been rent at the feet of the centurion, and to have produced the exclamation, St. Matt. xxvii. 54."

"St. Ambrose is the first extant writer who gives a detailed account of the undertaking, and ascribes it to St. Helena. In his discourse upon the death of Theodosius, he takes occasion to eulogize the mother of Constantine, and relates the success of her endeavour to possess herself of the Holy Cross. This narrative, divested of the flowers of oratory, is simple enough, and contains no account of any miracle, unless the very preservation of the wood deserves to be so considered. This father, in argument with St. Chrysostom, relates the discovery of three crosses, and that the Cross of our Lord was distinguished by the title affixed to it by Pilate; not by the restoration of a sick person to health, or of a dead corpse to life, as we find in later writers.

"St. Helena would appear to have been guided in this case, as in the case of the Holy Sepulchre, by the received and continuous tradition of the native Christian church, which reported that the instrument of our Lord's crucifixion had been cast aside, in the hurry of the preparation of the Passover, into a pit near the place of execution, which she caused to be examined, and three crosses were actually discovered; and, however strange or startling the fact may appear, it is better to suspend the judgment, if we are not satisfied with the evidence, than to impute so great a crime as imposture and fraud to men who, for ought we know to the contrary, may have been eminent saints."

Mr. Williams passes from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the opposite hill of Moriah; and he appears to have subjected it to a very minute inspection. The Mosque of Omar occupies part of its site. It is octagonal in form; its dome is covered with lead, surmounted by a tall gilt crescent. Beneath the dome is a remarkable limestone rock, which appears to be the natural surface of the rock of Mount Moriah. Here, also, are the Mosque of el-Aksa, with two or three others, and the remains of the tower of Antonia. Mr. Williams thinks there can be but one opinion that the Mosque el-Aksa is the church erected by the Emperor Justinian, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and was described as placed on the loftiest hill of the city. "I firmly believe," says Mr. Williams, "that es-Shakrah (the rock) does mark the site of the Most Holy Place, as Christians, Jews, and Mahomedans all agree."

Eusebius, commenting on the predictions of our Lord respecting the entire destruction of the Temple, so that "there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down," says, "Just as the prediction was, are the results in fact remaining; the whole Temple and its walls, as well as those ornamented and beautiful buildings which were within it, and which exceeded all description, having suffered desolation from that time to this!"

After making a longer quotation from Eusebius, Mr. Williams adds:—

"Thus far Eusebius. For myself I look for the accomplishment of the prophecy in its widest and most literal sense; and expect that if there be still one stone left upon another, which at least is not certain, the mighty, though silent, operation of that wonder-working Word will in due time bring it down; and who can tell whether, before the time of the end, some second Julian may not renew the attempt to rebuild the Jewish temple, which antichrist alone shall rear, and whether this attempt may not result in the destruction of such portions of it as remain?"

Mr. Williams now proceeds to describe the antiquities without the city.

"We quit the city by the gate of 'our Lady Mary' (Bab Sitti Miriam), as the natives term it, more commonly known to the Franks as the St. Stephen's Gate. . . . Descending now into the Valley of Jehoshaphat by a zig-zag path of steps down the deep declivity, the dry bed of the torrent Kedron is passed by a bridge of one arch, a few paces beyond which is the chapel of St. Mary, on the left, and the garden of Gethsemane on

the right, between which the most direct path ascends to the church of the Ascension, which crowns the centre of the three summits of the Mount Olivet, 2,400 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea."

After replying to a late severe attack on the tradition which marks this as the scene of the last act of our Saviour's ministry, Mr. Williams says:—

"A very few words may suffice for the description of this ruin, for at present it is nothing more. Instead of a church there is now a mosque near this site, the keeper of which holds the keys of a small portal giving entrance into a paved court of some extent, open to the sky, around which are ranged the altars of the various Christian churches, while the centre is occupied by a small circular building, surmounted by a cupola. . . . Descending now to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by a more circuitous path, we pass the Cave of the Creed, a curious vaulted chamber in ruins, beneath the surface of the ground, apparently sunk in the rock, and plastered; oblong in form, with six niches on each side facing one another, where the apostles are said to have assembled to compose the Creed. Further down the mountain side is pointed out the spot where our Lord wept over the city, and foretold its destruction."

The Fountain of Siloam is thus described:—

"The descent to the spring is one of the most picturesque pieces about Jerusalem. It is effected by a flight of steps, much worn by the natives, cut through the rock, which is wildly irregular. There are twenty-six steps, making the depth about twenty-five feet, for the steps are deep. There is a cave in the rock, of no great dimensions, roughly hewn, into which the water flows from beneath the lowest step. . . . From the chamber there is a channel cut in a serpentine course, 1,750 feet long, to convey the water to the Pool of Siloam, which will next demand attention. To reach it we ascend again to the bed of the Kedron, and pass round the point of Ophel, a distance of 1,355 feet. . . . Turning to the right, round a sharp angle of rock, we enter the mouth of the valley of the Tyropean, and passing under the precipitous rock, which has a small channel for the water cut in its base, we soon arrive at the Pool of Siloam."

" The pool itself is a small tank just without the fissure, of an oblong form, remarkable for nothing but some fragments of marble columns projecting from its sides, probably the remains of a church; the water is confined in this or in the rocky basin, and drawn off, as occasion requires, to irrigate the gardens beneath."

"There is every appearance of there having existed formerly a much larger reservoir than the present, immediately to the east of it, confined at the lower end by a substantial wall of masonry, which now forms a dry bridge, at the south end of which is the ancient tree said to mark the spot of Isaiah's martyrdom."

Of the Pool of Bethesda, Mr. Williams says:—

"It has been remarked by critics, that St. John, by his use of the present tense in speaking of Bethesda, intimates that it had survived the destruction of Jerusalem, and was still well known when he wrote his Gospel, at the close of the first century, which would form a strong presumption for its continued preservation until the time of Constantine. The pool is placed by this evangelist in the 'sheep-market,' but many commentators are of opinion that the word *gate* should be supplied in this passage instead of *market*. . . . It would appear that the tradition which marks the Birket Israel as the 'Pool of Bethesda,' has much to be said in its favour, and I am not aware of any arguments against it. The five porches have long since disappeared."

We must make one other extract from this chapter, and then pass on to Mr. Williams' account of Modern Jerusalem.

"From a very early period [Christians] have been taught, rightly or wrongly, to regard a chamber in the pile of buildings surrounding the tomb [of David], as

the upper room consecrated by the institution of the perfecting Sacrament of our Redemption, where also our Lord appeared to the assembled apostles after his resurrection, and where the Holy Ghost descended visibly on the believers on the day of Pentecost. It is related by Epiphanius, that this building, and a few others in its vicinity, escaped destruction on the desolation by Titus, and that this chamber was the church of the faithful after their return from Pella."

From the account of the present state of the Holy City and its inhabitants, we have merely room for the following extracts.

"The Christian pilgrim who approaches Jerusalem for the first time, will probably be disappointed to find that his emotions on the first sight of a city, associated in his mind from his earliest infancy with all that is most sacred, are so much less intense than he anticipated, and that he can look on Mount Olivet and Mount Zion with feelings, certainly not of indifference, but of much less painful interest than he imagined possible, when he thought on them at a distance. The truth is, the events transacted here are so great in every view, that the mind cannot at once grasp them; but is, as it were, stupefied by the effort. It takes time to realize the truth that this is the home of Scripture History, the cradle of the Christian Church.

"If he is journeying from the west, as most pilgrims do, he will come in sight of the city about a mile from its gates, and will have the least interesting view which it presents—merely a dull line of wall, with the Mount of Olives rising above. He will, perhaps, have read of the desolate appearance of the neighbourhood of the city; it is sometimes said to resemble a city of the dead. Travellers, who have so written, must have been singularly unfortunate in the time of their entrance; for on a bright evening, at any time of the year, nothing can well be imagined more lively than the scene without the Jaffa Gate. It is then that the inhabitants, of whatever nation, and whatever faith, walk out to 'drink the air,' as they express it, and the various companies may be seen sauntering about, or reclining on the ground. Let him enter the gates, and the delusion which its compact and well-built walls, and the appearance of its inhabitants, may have produced, will be quickly dispelled. He no sooner enters the city than desolation stares him in the face.

"Let us suppose him present in Jerusalem during the holy week; he will feel a curiosity to witness the ceremonies in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—let him go, by all means, at least if he can go to mourn, not to mock or to triumph over the scenes which will there be enacted. If he arrives at the great gates of the Church about sunset, he will find them closed for a few minutes, while the Moslem guardian and his attendants perform their devotions. A small window in the door will allow him to watch their ceremony, and he may learn a lesson of outward propriety and decorum from the infidels, which he will look for in vain among the worshippers within. On his admission, the first object which will excite his astonishment and horror, will be the Turkish soldiers of the garrison standing with their bayonets fixed, in various parts of the sacred precincts, and about the Holy Cave itself. If he inquire the reason of this dreadful profanation, he will be informed that the Latins have requested it as a protection against molestation from the Greeks!

"But among all the exhibitions of the Christians in the Holy City, that which must most scandalize the infidels is their shameful divisions, accompanied with jealousies and heart-burnings, and not unfrequently attended with sanguinary quarrels and acts of violence, which call for the interference of the civil powers."

The principal Christian bodies in the Holy City are the Greeks and the Latins; the others are the Georgians, the Armenians, the Syrians, the Copts, and American Congregationalists. The Anglican Church, until the arrival of Bishop Alexander, in 1842, cannot pro-

perly be said to have been represented in Jerusalem. He was its representative in Chaldaea, Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Abyssinia.

We must now take our leave of Jerusalem, and of Mr. Williams' very attractive and instructive volume. Many more passages might have been transferred to our pages, but for want of room. Those, however, that we have given will furnish a foretaste of the gratification which a perusal of Mr. Williams' book will not fail to afford. It is profusely illustrated by maps and plans, and by very clever lithographs and wood-cuts.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR,

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

CHAP. III.

WE had not more than five minutes left when we arrived at Dr. Mildman's door, Coleman affording a practical illustration of the truth of the aphorism, that "it is the pace that kills;" so that Thomas's injunction, "Look sharp, gentlemen," was scarcely necessary to induce us to rush up stairs two steps at a time. In the same hurry I entered my bed-room, without observing that the door was standing ajar rather suspiciously, for which piece of inattention I was rewarded by a deluge of water, which wetted me from head to foot, and a violent blow on the shoulder, which stretched me on the ground in the midst of a puddle. That I may not keep the reader in suspense, I will at once inform him, that I was indebted for this agreeable surprise to the kindness and skill of Lawless, who, having returned from his pigeon-match half-an-hour sooner than was necessary, had devoted it to the construction of what he called a "booby trap," which ingenious piece of mechanism was arranged in the following manner. The victim's room-door was placed ajar, and upon the top thereof a Greek Lexicon, or any other equally ponderous volume was carefully balanced, and upon this was set in its turn a jug of water. If all these were properly adjusted, the catastrophe above described was certain to ensue when the door was opened. "Fairly caught, by Jove," cried Lawless, who had been on the watch. "By Jupiter Pluvius, you should have said," joined in Coleman, helping me up again; for so sudden and unexpected had been the shock, that I had remained for a minute or two just as I had fallen, with a kind of vague expectation that the roof of the house would come down upon me. "I suppose I have to thank you for that," said I, turning to Lawless. "Pray don't mention it, Pinafore," answered he; "what little trouble I had in making the arrangement, I can assure you, was quite repaid by its success." "I'll certainly put on the gloves to-morrow," whispered I to Coleman—to which he replied by a sympathetic wink, adding, "and now I think you had better get ready, more particularly as you will have to find out 'how to dress *jugged hair*,' as the cookery-books say." By dint of almost superhuman exertions, I did just contrive to get down in time for dinner, though my unfortunate "*jugged hair*," which was any thing but dry, must have presented rather a singular appearance. In the course of dinner, Dr. Mildman told us that we should have the whole of the next day to ourselves, as he was obliged to go to Town on business, and should not return till the middle of the following one;—an announcement which seemed to afford great satisfaction to his hearers, despite an attempt made by Cumberland to keep up appearances by putting on a look of mournful resignation, which, being imitated by Coleman, who, as might be expected, rather overdid the thing, failed most signally. On returning to the Pupils' room, Lawless commenced (to my great delight, as I thereby enjoyed a complete immunity from his somewhat troublesome attentions) a full, true, and particular account of the

say to a ride this afternoon?" "Just the thing," said I, "if it is not too expensive for my pocket." "Oh, no," replied Coleman; "Snaffles lets horses at as cheap a rate as any one, and good 'uns to go too; does not he, Cumberland?" "Eh, what are you talking about?" said Cumberland, who had just entered the room; "Snaffles? Oh yes, he's the man for horse-flesh. Are you going to try and tumble off that fat little cob of his again, Fred?" "I was thinking of having another try," replied Coleman; "what do you say, Fairleigh? Never mind the tin, I daresay you have got plenty, and can get more when that's gone." "I have got a ten-pound note," answered I; "but that must last me all this quarter: however, we'll have our ride to-day." "I'll walk down with you," said Cumberland; "I'm going that way; besides it's worth a walk any day to see Coleman mount; it took him ten minutes the last time I saw him, and then he threw the wrong leg over, so that he turned his face to the tail." "*Scandalum magnatum*! not a true bill," replied Coleman. "Now, come along, Fairleigh, let's get ready, and be off."

During our walk down to Snaffles' stables, Cumberland (who seemed entirely to have forgotten my *mal à propos* remark) talked to me in a much more amiable manner than he had yet done; and the conversation naturally turning upon horses and riding, a theme always interesting to me, I was induced to enter into sundry details of my own exploits in that line. We reached the Livery Stables just as I had concluded a somewhat egotistical relation concerning a horse which a gentleman in our neighbourhood had bought for his invalid son, but which, proving at first rather too spirited, I had undertaken to ride every day for a month, in order to get him quiet; a feat I was rather proud of having satisfactorily accomplished. "Good morning, Mr. Snaffles; is Punch at home?" asked Coleman of a stout red-faced man, attired in a bright green Newmarket coat, and top boots. "Yes, Sir. Mr. Lawless told me your Governor was gone to town, so I kept him at home, thinking perhaps you would want him." "That's all right," said Coleman; "and here's my friend, Mr. Fairleigh, will want a nag too." "Proud to serve any gent as is a friend of yours, Mr. Coleman," replied Snaffles, with a bob of his head towards me, intended as a bow. "What stamp of a horse do you like, Sir? Most of my nags are out with the harriers to-day." "Snaffles, a word with you," interrupted Cumberland. "One moment, Sir," said Snaffles to me, as he crossed over to where Cumberland was standing. "Come and look at Punch; and let's hear what you think of him," said Coleman, drawing me towards Punch's stable. "What does Cumberland want with that man?" asked I. "What, Snaffles? I fancy he owes a bill here, and I dare say it is something about that." "Oh, is that all?" rejoined I. "Why, what did you think it was?" inquired Coleman. "Never mind," I replied; "let's look at Punch." And accordingly I was introduced to a little fat, round, jolly looking cob, about fourteen hands high, who appeared to me an equine counterpart of Coleman himself. After having duly praised and patted him, I turned to leave the stable, just as Cumberland and Snaffles were passing the door, and I caught the following words from the latter, who, appeared rather excited:—"Well, if any harm comes of it, Mr. Cumberland, you'll remember it's your doing, not mine." Cumberland's reply was inaudible, and Snaffles turned to me, saying, "I've only one horse at home likely to suit you, Sir; you'll find her rather high couraged, but Mr. Cumberland tells me you won't mind that." "I have been mentioning what a good rider you say you are," said Cumberland, laying a slight emphasis on the *say*. "Oh, I dare say she will do very well," replied I. "I suppose she has no vice about her." "Oh dear, no," said Snaffles, "nothing of the sort.—James," added he, calling to a helper, "saddle the chestnut mare, and bring her out directly." The man whom he addressed, and who was a fellow with a good humoured, honest face, became suddenly grave, as he

replied in a deprecatory tone, "The chestnut mare? Mad Bess, Sir?" "Don't repeat my words, but do as you are told," was the answer; and the man went away looking surly. After the interval of a few minutes, a stable door opposite was thrown open, and Mad Bess made her appearance, led by two grooms. She was a bright chestnut, with flowing mane and tail, about fifteen and a half hands high, nearly thorough-bred, and as handsome as a picture, but the restless motion of her eye disclosing the white, the ears laid back at the slightest sound, and a half-frightened, half-wild air, when any one went up to her, told a tale as to her temper, about which no one in the least accustomed to horses could doubt for an instant. "That mare is vicious," said I, as soon as I had looked at her. "Oh dear, no, Sir, as quiet as a lamb, I can assure you." "Soh, girl! so!" said Snaffles, in a coaxing tone of voice, attempting to pat her; but Bess did not choose to "soh," if by "sohing" is meant, as I presume, standing still and behaving prettily, for on her master's approach she snorted, attempted to rear, and ran back, giving the men at her head as much as they could do to hold her. "She's a little fresh to-day; she was not out yesterday, but it's all play, pretty creature! nothing but play," continued Snaffles. "If you are afraid, Fairleigh, don't ride her," said Cumberland; "but I fancied from your conversation you were a bold rider, and did not mind a little spirit in a horse: you had better take her in again, Snaffles." "Leave her alone," cried I, quickly, (for I was becoming irritated by Cumberland's sneers, in spite of my attempt at self-control) "I'll ride her. I'm no more afraid than other people, nor do I mind a spirited horse, Cumberland, but that mare is more than spirited, she's ill-tempered,—look at her eye!" "Well, you had better not ride her, then," said Cumberland. "Yes, I will," replied I, for I was now thoroughly roused, and determined to go through with the affair, at all hazards. I was always, even as a boy, of a determined, or, as ill-natured people would call it, obstinate disposition, and I doubt whether I am entirely cured of the fault at the present time. "Please yourself; only mind, I have warned you not to ride her if you are afraid," said Cumberland. "A nice warning," replied I, turning away;—"who'll lend me a pair of spurs?" "I've got a pair here, Sir; if you'll step this way I'll put them on for you," said the man, whom I had heard addressed as "James"—adding, in a lower tone, as he buckled them on, "for Heaven's sake, young gentleman, don't mount that mare, unless you're a first-rate rider." "Why, what's the matter with her? does she kick?" inquired I. "She'll try and pitch you off, if possible, and if she can't do that, she'll bolt with you, and then the Lord have mercy upon you!" This was encouraging, certainly! "You are an honest fellow, James," replied I; "and I am much obliged to you. Ride her I must, my honour is at stake, but I'll be as careful as I can, and, if I come back safe you shall have half-a-crown." "Thank you, Sir," was the reply. "I shall be glad enough to see you come back, in any other way than on a shutter, without the money." Of a truth, the race of Job's comforters is not yet extinct, thought I, as I turned to look for Coleman, who had been up to this moment employed in superintending the saddling of Punch, and now made his appearance, leading that renowned steed by the bridle. "Why, Fairleigh, you are not going to ride that vicious brute to be sure; even Lawless won't mount her, and he does not mind what he rides in general." "Never mind about Lawless," said I, assuming an air of confidence I was very far from feeling; "she won't eat me I dare say." "I don't know that," rejoined Coleman, regarding Mad Bess with a look of horror; "Cumberland, don't let him mount her." "Nay, I can't prevent it; Fairleigh is his own master, and can do as he likes," was the answer. "Come, we can't keep the men standing here the whole day," said I to Coleman; "get on to Punch, and out of my way, as fast as you can, if you are going to do so at all"—a request with which, seeing I was quite determined, he

at length unwillingly complied, and having, after one or two failures, succeeded in getting his leg over the cob's broad back, he rode slowly out of the yard, and took up his station outside, in order to witness my proceedings. "Now, then," said I, "keep her as steady as you can for a minute, and as soon as I am fairly mounted give her her head—stand clear there." I then took a short run, and placing one hand on the saddle, while I seized a lock of the mane with the other, I sprang from the ground, and vaulted at once upon her back, without the aid of the stirrup, a feat I had learned from a groom who once lived with us, and which stood me in good stead on this occasion, as I thereby avoided a kick, with which Mad Bess greeted my approach. I next took up the reins as gently as I could, the man let go her head, and after a little dancing and capering, though much less than I had expected, her ladyship gave up hostilities for the present, and allowed me to ride her quietly up and down the yard. I then wished Cumberland, (who looked, as I thought, somewhat mortified,) a good afternoon, turned a deaf ear to the eulogies of Mr. Snaffles and his satellites, and proceeded to join Coleman. As I left the yard my friend James joined me, under the pretence of arranging my stirrup leather, when he took the opportunity of saying—"She'll go pretty well now you're once mounted, sir, as long as you can hold her with the snaffle, but if you are obliged to use the curb—look out for squalls!!!"

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

May 17.—Rogation Sunday. (1846.)

THIS is always the fifth after Easter, and the next before Whit Sunday, and so called from the Latin word *rogare*, to beseech; because, on the succeeding Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Rogations and Litanies were used, and fasting, or at least abstinence, enjoined by the Church, "for these reasons," says Bishop Sparrow: "I. Because this time of the year, the fruits of the earth are tender and easily hurt; therefore Litanies extraordinary are said to God, to avert this judgment. II. Because our Lord's Ascension is the Thursday following. Therefore, these three days before are to be spent in prayers and fasting, that so, the flesh being tamed, and the soul winged with fasting, we may ascend with CHRIST."

May 18, 19, 20.—The Rogation Days. (1846.)

The author of the "Popish Kingdom" thus describes the mediæval manner of their observance in this country:

"Now comes the day wherein they gad abroad, with cross in hand,
To bounds of every field, and round about their neighbour's land;
And as they go, they sing and pray to every saint above,
But to our Lady specially, whom most of all they love;
When, as they to the town are come, the church they enter in,
And look what saint that church doth guide, they humbly pray to him,
That he preserve both corn and fruit from storm and tempest great,
And them defend from harm, and send them store of drink and meat.
These things three days continually are done with solemn sport,
With many crosses after they unto some church resort;
Whereas they all do chant aloud, whereby there strait doth spring
A bawling noise, while every man seeks highest for to sing."

"The custom," says Strutt, "of marking the boundaries of parishes by the inhabitants going round them once every year, and stopping at certain spots, to per-

form different ceremonies, in order that the localities might be impressed on the memories of both young and old, is of great antiquity. It is derived from the heathen feast, dedicated to the god Terminus, the guardian of the fields and landmarks. The priest of each parish, accompanied by his churchwardens and parishioners, bearing willow wands and banners, went round the limits of his parish on one of the three days before Holy Thursday, and stopped at remarkable spots and trees, to recite passages from the Gospels, and implore the blessing of the ALMIGHTY on the fruits of the earth, and for the preservation of the rights and properties of the parish. On these occasions, it was considered one of his chief duties to go to those of his flock whom he knew to be at variance, and, reconciling their differences, make them march side by side in the procession." It is recorded of Sir Thomas More that he would often walk in the Rogation perambulations. Once, when one of these was to go to the confines of the parish, he was requested, "for his state and dignity, to ease himself with a horse." His reply betokened his profound humility. He answered (alluding to the crucifix which was usually carried in front of these processions), "God forbid he should follow his Master prancing on cock-horse, when He went on foot."

The "golden legend" says, that the bearing of banners with the cross, on Rogation days, is to represent the victory of CHRIST in His resurrection and ascension: that the people followed the cross and the banners, as CHRIST was followed when He ascended to heaven with a great prey; and that in some churches, especially in France, it was the custom to bear a dragon, with a long tail, filled with chaff: the first two days it was borne *before* the cross, with the tail *full*; but on the third day it was borne *after* the cross, with the tail *empty*; by which it was understood, that on the first two days the devil reigned in the world, but that on the third he was dispossessed of his kingdom.

The "parochial perambulations" in Rogation week, survived the Reformation. Elizabeth's "advertisements" direct, "That in the Rogation days of procession, they sing or say, in English, the two psalms beginning, *Benedic anima mea, &c.*, with the litany and suffrages thereunto, with one homily of thanksgiving to God, . . . without any superstitious ceremonies heretofore used." Hooker, it is related, "would by no means omit the customary time of procession, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love and their parish rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation." The "divine" Herbert says of his "country parson," "Particularly he loves procession, and maintains it, because there are contained therein four manifest advantages. First, a blessing of God for the fruits of the field; secondly, justice, in the preservation of bounds; thirdly, charity, in loving, walking, and neighbourly accompanying one another; with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any; fourthly, mercy, in relieving the poor, by a liberal distribution and largesse, which at that time is, or ought to be, used."

This custom was particularly distasteful to the Puritans, one of whom, in 1572, among "Popish abuses," places "the gang week, when the priest in his surplice, singing gospels and making crosses, rangeth about in many places." Notwithstanding this, the practice retained its ground in many places, till a recent period, and, we believe, is not even yet entirely discontinued. A writer, in 1790, observes, "Some time in the spring, I think the day before Holy Thursday, all the clergy of Ripon, attended by the singing men and boys of the choir, perambulate the town in their canonicals, singing hymns; and the blue-coat charity boys follow, singing, with green boughs in their hands." The historian of Staffordshire, speaking of Wolverhampton, says, "Many of the older inhabitants can well remember when the sacrist, resident prebendaries, and members of the choir assembled at morning prayers, on Monday and

(1) See the Homilies.

Tuesday in Rogation week, with the charity children bearing long poles, clothed with all kinds of flowers then in season, and which were afterwards carried through the streets of the town with much solemnity; the clergy, singing men, and boys, dressed in their sacred vestments, closing the procession, and chanting, in a grave and appropriate melody, the Canticle, '*Benedicite omnia opera*,' &c. This usage was relinquished about 1765. In the skirts of the town are ranged, at determinate distances, a number of large trees, which serve to mark the limits between the township and the parish. These are denominated by the inhabitants *gospel trees*, from the practice of reading the gospel under them, when the clergy were wont to perambulate the boundaries." Plott, in his history of Oxfordshire, tells us that at Stanlake, in that county, the minister of the parish, in his procession in Rogation week, reads the gospel at a barrel's head, in the cellar of the Chequer Inn, in that town, where some say there was formerly a hermitage, others a cross, at which they read a gospel in former times. "At Oxford," says Brand, "at this time, the little crosses cut in the stones of buildings, to denote the division of the parishes, are whitened with chalk. Great numbers of boys, with peeled willow-rods in their hands, accompany the minister in the procession."

The village Rogation processions in other lands afford a remarkable instance of the innocent hilarities so closely connected with the Christian holidays. "The bells of the village church strike up," says Chateaubriand, "and the rustics immediately quit their various employments. The vine dresser descends the hill, the husbandman hastens from the plain, the woodcutter leaves the forest; the mothers, rallying from their huts, arrive with their children; and the young maidens relinquish their spinning-wheels, their sheep, and the fountains, to attend the rural festival. They assemble in the parish church-yard, on the verdant graves of their forefathers. The only ecclesiastic who is to take part in the ceremony soon appears. . . . He assembles his flock before the principal entrance of the church; he delivers a discourse, which must certainly be very impressive, to judge from the tears of his audience. He frequently repeats the words, *My children! my dearly beloved children!* And herein consists the whole secret of the eloquence of this rustic Chrysostom.

"The exhortation ended, the assembly begins to move off, singing, 'Ye shall go forth with pleasure, and ye shall be received with joy; the hills shall leap, and shall hear you with delight.'

"The standard of the saints, the antique banner of the days of chivalry, opens the procession; the villagers follow their pastor. They pursue their course through lanes, overshadowed with trees, and deeply cut by the wheels of the rustic vehicles; they climb over high barriers, formed by a single trunk of a tree; they proceed along a hedge of hawthorn, where the bee hums, where the bullfinch and the blackbird whistle. The budding trees display the promise of their fruit; all nature is a nosegay of flowers. The woods, the valleys, the rivers, the rocks, hear, in their turns, the hymns of the husbandmen, in their course through the plains, enamelled by the hand of their Creator. . . . To finish well a day so piously began, the old men of the village repair at night to converse with their pastor. The moon then sheds her last beams on their festival, which the Church has made to correspond with the return of the most pleasant of the months, and the course of the most mysterious of the constellations. Amid the silence of the woods arise unknown voices, as from the choir of rural angels, whose succour has been implored; and the plaintive and sweet notes of the nightingale salute the ears of the veterans, seated in friendly converse beneath the lofty poplars."

One or two old English customs observed in Rogation week, but unconnected with its peculiar usages, remain to be described. Hasted relates that at this season, at

Keeton and Wickham, Kent, "a number of young men meet together, and with a 'most hideous noise,' run into the orchards, and, encircling each tree, pronounce these words:

"Stand fast root, bear well top;
God send us a youngling sop,
Every twig apple big,
Every bough apple enow."

For which incantation the 'confused rabble' expect a gratuity in money, or drink, which is no less welcome; but if they are disappointed of both, they, with great solemnity, anathematize the owners and trees, with 'altogether as insignificant a curse.' This custom is called *youngling*, and probably had a pagan origin.

Hutchins tells us "that the inhabitants of Shaftesbury have from time immemorial been supplied with water brought on horses' backs, or on people's heads, from three or four large wells, a quarter of a mile below the town, in the hamlet of Motcombe, and parish of Gillingham, on which account there is this particular ceremonial yearly observed by ancient agreement, dated 1662, between the lord of the manor of Gillingham, and the mayor and burgesses of Shaftesbury. The mayor is obliged on the Monday before Holy Thursday, to dress up a prize besom, or *byrant*, as they call it, somewhat like a May garland in form, with gold and peacock's feathers, and carry it to Enmore Green, half a mile below the town, in Motcombe, as an acknowledgment for the water; together with a raw calf's head, a pair of gloves, a gallon of beer, or ale, and two penny loaves of white wheat bread, which the steward receives and carries away for his own use. The ceremony being over, the *byrant* is restored to the mayor, and brought back by one of his officers with great solemnity. It is generally so richly adorned with plate and jewels, borrowed from the neighbouring gentry, as to be worth not less than 1500*l*.

May 21st, 1846.—Holy Thursday, or Ascension Day.

This is one of the four most ancient festivals of the Church, and has always been regarded of apostolic institution. St. Augustine says, that it was celebrated throughout the whole world. Though with extraordinary pomp observed on the Mount of Olives, its solemn celebration was universal in the middle ages.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1787, states, "It is the custom in many villages in the neighbourhood of Exeter, to 'hail the lamb' upon ascension morn. That the figure of a lamb actually appears in the east upon this morning, is the popular persuasion." The following superstitions relating to this day are found in Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft." "In some countries," he remarks, "they run out of the doors in time of tempest, blessing themselves with a cheese, whereupon was a cross made with a rope's end upon Ascension Day."—"Item, to hang an egg laid on Ascension Day in the roof of the house, preserveth the same from all hurts." On Holy Thursday "it is a common custom," says Hone, "of established usage, for the minister of each parish, followed by the boys of the parish school, headed by their master, to go in procession to the different parish boundaries; which boundaries the boys strike with peeled willow wands that they bear in their hands, and this is called beating the bounds." A sorry substitute for the old Rogation perambulations, and often attended by gross improprieties. *Bumping* persons to make them remember the parochial limits, is not unfrequently practised on these occasions. A few years since, an angler, in the Lea, was thus maltreated by the parishioners of Walthamstow, and obtained 50*l*. damages for the assault. Brand states, that on this festival, the magistrates, river-jury, &c., of the corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, according to an ancient usage, make their annual procession by water, in their barges, visiting the bounds

of their jurisdiction on the river, to prevent encroachments.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

In the afternoon of this day, before the Reformation, our ancestors assembled in the Churches, when, according to Barnaby Googe, a representation of our Saviour was, in some places, drawn up to the roof, and a frightful image of Satan thrown down, upon which all the boys surrounded it, and "beat it into pieces small, to show their enmity." Then the Service proceeded, every versicle and every prayer concluding with the joyful Alleluia, and then, with the antiphon praying the promised gift of the Paraclete, "singing cakes" and unconsecrated wafers were distributed among the people, and the Office concluded. At Durham Abbey, they had a general procession, in which every monk wore a gorgeous cope, and the prior a "marvellous one" of cloth of gold, which was so heavy as to require support on every side. He held his pastoral staff and wore a precious mitre. St. Bede's shrine was carried by four monks on their shoulders. Other "holy relics" were borne in the procession, which was headed by St. Cuthbert's sacred banner, and two crosses, one of "silver parcel gilt," and the other, "all of gold."

It was formerly a practice at Lichfield on Ascension day, for the clergyman of the parish, accompanied by the church-wardens and sides-men, and followed by a concourse of children, bearing green boughs, to repair to the several reservoirs of water, and here read the gospel for the day, after which they were regaled with cakes and ale. During the ceremony the door of every house was decorated with an elm bough. This custom was founded on one of the early institutions of Christianity, that of blessing the wells and springs. An ancient and somewhat similar observance still prevails on Holy Thursday, in the village of Tissington, Derbyshire, which not only claims a high antiquity, but is one of the few country fêtes which are kept up with anything like the ancient spirit. It is called *well-flowering*. The following is an "exact account" of the circumstances attendant on this annual festival on the 8th of May, 1823. There are five wells, and the method of decorating them is this: the flowers are inserted in moist clay, and put upon boards cut in various forms, surrounded with boughs of laurel or white-thorn, so as to give an appearance of water issuing from small grottoes. The flowers are adjusted and arranged in various patterns to give the effect of mosaic work, having inscribed upon them texts of scripture, appropriate to the season, and sentences expressive of the kindness of the Deity. They vary each year, and as the wells are dressed by persons contiguous to the springs, so their ideas vary. A sermon was preached on the above occasion, from 1 Peter iii. 22. From the church the congregation walked in procession to the first, or the Hall well; so called from being opposite to the house of the ancient family of Fitzherbert. Here was read by the clergyman the first Psalm for the day, and another sung by the parish choir. As there is a recess at the back of the well, and an elevated wall, a great profusion of laurel-branches were placed upon it, interspersed with daffodils, Chinese roses, and marsh-marygolds. Over the spring was a square board, surmounted with a crown, composed of white and red daisies. The board, being covered with moss, had written upon it in red daisies, "While He blessed them He was carried up into heaven." The second, or Hand's well, was also surmounted with laurel-branches, and had a canopy, with, "The Lord's unsparing hand supports us from this spring." The letters were formed with the bud of the larch, and between the lines were two rows of purple primroses and marsh-marygolds. In the centre above the spring, on a moss ground, in letters of white daisies, "Sons of earth, the triumph join." Beneath, was formed in auriculas "G. R." The second Psalm for the day was read here. The third, or Frith's well, was greatly admired, as it was situated in Mr. Frith's garden, and the shrubs around it were numerous.

Here were formed two arches, one within the other. The first had a ground of white hyacinths, and purple primroses, edged with white, on which was inscribed in red daisies, "Ascension." The receding arch was covered with various flowers, and in the centre on a ground of marsh-marygolds edged with white hyacinths, in red daisies, "Peace be unto you." Here was read the third Psalm for the day. The fourth, or Holland's well, was thickly surrounded with branches of white-thorn placed in the earth. The well springs from a small coppice of firs and thorns. The form of the erection over it was a circular arch, and in the centre, on a ground of marsh-marygolds edged with purple primroses, in red daisies, these words, "In God is all." At this well was read the Epistle. The fifth, or Miss Goodwin's well, was surrounded with branches of evergreens, having, on a pointed arch, covered with marsh-marygolds, daffodils, and wild hyacinths, "He did no sin," in red daisies. On the summit of the arch was placed a crown of laurel, over which was a cross of white daisies, edged with wild hyacinths; on the transverse piece of the cross, "I. H. S." was placed in red daisies. At this well was read the Gospel. The day concluded by the visitors partaking of the hospitality of the inhabitants, and being gratified with a well-arranged band, playing appropriate pieces of music at each other's houses.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE VILLAGE SMITHY.¹

SHELTERED well by friendly mountains,
Wash'd by clear and cooling fountains,
In a nook so still and green,
Lovelier hamlet ne'er was seen.

Overhead, on ridges high,
Old dark pine-trees hide the sky;
Down below, the stream flows near,
And the air is mild and clear.

House and yard swarm all day long
With a busy bustling throng;
Ever as the day comes round,
Rings the anvil's restless sound.

And the bright sparks dart and quiver,
And the steely splinters shiver,
And the flood, with thunder-sound,
Flings the ponderous mill-wheel round.

Earthly cares shall not molest,
In this vale, my peaceful breast;
Joy within my heart shall dwell,
As a pure, untroubled well.

Shaded by the whispering trees,
Will I woo the dreamy breeze;
Mountain, vale, and murmuring rill,
With deep peace my heart shall fill.

Körner.

(1) See Illustration, p. 33.

SONNETS

Illustrating the development of poetical talent in a working man.

H. F. LOTT.

I.

OF Poetry, our simple ballad lore
 Long form'd my only library, till the page
 Of unsurpass'd Shakspeare did engage
 Mine eye, its depths of treasure to explore:
 My favourites were, the much beguiled Moor,
 And the fair victim of his jealous rage,—
 Romeo and Juliet; and upon the stage
 Of martial heroes, him of Agincour.
 But much of what was nature seem'd uncouth,
 Far as my folded faculties could see,
 And fail'd to strike my inexperienced youth
 Either with sweetness or sublimity;
 Till by degrees its beauty and its truth
 Won, and still wins, my deep idolatry.

II.

NEXT Burns's light upon me shone, and smiled
 In manly sentiment and loving song;
 And o'er his lyrics I delighted hung,
 When woman's beauty first my heart beguiled.
 Eliza! Thou rememberest how wild
 My transports were, how tender, deep, and strong
 The love that burn'd within me, and how long
 Passion and peace remain'd unconquered.
 His proud unbent integrity of mind,
 His wit and satire spurning every rein,
 His worship and his love of womankind,
 The troubles that he struggled with in vain,
 Claim'd all my sympathy; and deep enshrined
 In memory's temple his most touching strain.

III.

AND then the paintings of The Seasons led
 My soul to contemplation, and I stood
 In open landscape, and embow'ring wood,
 Enchanted with the wonders round me spread:
 Imbibing sentiment from all I read,
 And musing on it, I became embued
 With sense of all the beautiful and good,
 That heaven on earth so bountifully had shed.
 The flowers grew lovelier, sweeter; birds and streams
 Warbled and murmur'd softer in mine ear:
 The morning's radiance—evening's glowing beams,
 The voiceful winds, the moon, each glittering sphere,
 Woke in my mind enthusiastic dreams,
 Which Fancy idealizing, rendered dear.

IV.

CHARM'D WAS I now by rich melodious Pope:
 By Mentor Cowper pointed to the right;
 And sooth'd or lifted up by Henry White.
 Then saw the portals of the heavens ope,
 Through Milton's genius, which alone could cope
 With so sublime a theme; and heard Young slight
 The selfish world, in which he took delight;
 And wept for very joy o'er Campbell's Hope!
 And Bloomfield's watching spirit pleas'd has been
 To see me lie upon the daisied grass,
 Fancying I saw his faithful painted scene
 Reflected round me, as if in a glass:
 And Butler's shade, too, might have heard, I ween,
 My laughter o'er his matchless Hudibras.

V.

FINALLY, Byron warm'd me with his fire,
 And in a magic spell my feelings held,
 Till the strong impulse could no more be quell'd,
 And artlessly and low I woke my lyre,
 Where few could hear its breathings; or the mire
 Of deep obscurity its efforts hid,
 Or cool indifference every hope forbid,
 Further to mount to where it would aspire.
 Since then, some humble channels opening round,
 Invite a simple bard like me to send
 His bubbles on the sea, to float or drown,
 As critics may destroy them or befriend;
 And should these meet the last, then have I found,
 The effort well rewarded by the end.

VI.

YET, some may deem my numbers sounding shells
 That merely echo back another's thought,
 Into a different tone of language wrought
 As memory moveth, or as passion swells:
 But if I be no poet, deeply dwells
 The love of song within me—ever fraught
 With an intense delight, when I have sought
 Those springs where its pure spirit most out-wells,
 And drunk, yet was not blinded by the charm,
 So as to lead my youthful mind astray,
 Nor for my daily toil unfit my arm;
 But so has drawn me from the evil way
 That even those around me could but say—
 "How it expands his heart and keeps it warm."

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

IMPORTANCE OF HUMILITY.

DR. FRANKLIN once received a very useful lesson from Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates, in a letter to his son. "The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me a shorter way out of the house, by a narrow passage which was crossed by a beam over-head. We were still talking, as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning towards him, when he said hastily, "Stoop! Stoop!" I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an opportunity of giving instruction; and upon this, he said to me, "You are young, and have the world before you, learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." This advice thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought on people by their carrying their heads too high.

This too is a very principal point to attend to—knowledge how to converse: to interrogate without over-earnestness; to answer without desire of display: not to interrupt a profitable speaker, or to desire ambitiously to put in a word of one's own: to be measured in speaking and hearing: not to be ashamed of receiving, or to be grudging in giving, information, nor to pass another's knowledge for one's own. The middle tone of voice is best, neither so low as to be inaudible, nor ill-bred from its high pitch. One should reflect first what one is going to say, and then give it utterance: be courteous when addressed, amiable in social intercourse: not aiming to be pleasant by facetiousness, but cultivating gentleness in kind admonitions. Harshness is ever to be put aside, even in censuring.—*Church of the Fathers.*

Those who most doubt friendship, are precisely those the least calculated to excite or feel it.

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The Old Water-cress Man.

(See page 62.)

THE SEIKS AND THE SINGHS.

(FIRST ARTICLE.)

It has long been evident to every one who has surveyed the map of Hindostan with an attentive eye, or known anything of the history of that vast country, that the district called the Punjaub must, sooner or later, be placed under the control of the British government. And this for several reasons, amongst the most cogent of which were the protection from attack of the territories on the left bank of the Sutlej, which have for some time past sought and received our guardianship; the introduction of peace and civilization amongst tribes of people living in a state of confusion and barbarism; and the consolidation of our own empire within a well defined northern frontier. The expediency of our extending a mild but strong rule to that province, of replacing anarchy by regulation, and distraction by tranquillity, has been long felt, and the

accomplishment of the desirable end was foreseen to be not far distant. Any doubts as to the absolute necessity of our interference have at length been swept away by a hostile incursion on the part of the inhabitants of the Punjaub, and we shall in all probability hear in a short time of the addition of another kingdom to the power and wealth of the British dominion in the East. Meanwhile it may be interesting to our readers to have a succinct account of the country, and of the people dwelling there; and this we propose to give them in these papers, in the preparation of which we have carefully consulted the latest and best authorities.

For a great number of years, indeed from the commencement of authentic history, up to a very recent period, the Punjaub territory had no independent government of its own. The earliest

(1) The opinion here expressed will be understood to be that of the writer of this paper only. We view the matter differently, and sincerely rejoice in the prospect that his anticipations will not be realized.—*Editor.*

account we have of it is derived from a Hindu volume, which denounces the inhabitants as an impure race, because they ate beef, drank arrack, and paid no attention to caste. Their name, Bahikas, was derived from two demons who dwelt upon the banks of one of the rivers. It was always a mere province of some vaster empire. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, it was an appanage of the Mogul dynasty, and, whilst the emperor lay lapt in luxury at Delhi, a viceroy was stationed at Lahore to defend his sovereign's dominions on the north and west. This dynasty was established by Baber, a warlike Turcoman prince, who advanced upon Delhi about 1527, and dethroned the Afghan then seated on the throne of northern Hindostan. It is a strange misnomer that has crept into history, to style Baber and his successors Moguls, that is Mongols, for the fact is they were not Mongols, but princes of a Turki tribe. The mistake originated from Baber having many Mongols in his train when he effected his conquests, and from his being the successor of Timur, "the Axis of the Faith, the great Wolf, the Master of Time," (better known to us under the name of Tamerlane) who succeeded in uniting the fragments of the old Mongol empire of Gengis Khan. The religion of the Moguls was Mohamedan, but a great number of their subjects were Hindoos. In the year 1469 there was born near Lahore a man called Nanac Shah. He was a Hindoo of the warrior caste, and, even in his childhood, his mind had a strong religious tendency, exhibiting itself in an indifference to worldly pursuits, and in acts of charity: at least so the writers of the sect he founded assert; and they cite instances of miraculous interposition as additional proofs of his sanctity. For instance, as he was tending cattle one day in the fields, he fell asleep under a tree, and he continued in slumber until the shade which had protected him from the sun's influence had moved away, and the solar rays fell upon him. But the Ruler of the world intended him for great things, and, in order to prevent the fatal effects that might have ensued from the youth's exposure to a hot sun, a snake moved out of an adjoining bush, and, raising itself on its tail, spread its hood over Nanac like a screen until the set of day. The governor of the district happened to pass by as the snake was thus employed, and marked with attention this augury of future greatness, as unequivocal and certain as that of the eagle in the sight of a Roman Aruspex. Nanac became a Fakir, and practised all kinds of austerities, after the approved fanatic fashion. He performed pilgrimages not only to the holy places of the Hindoos, but to those of the Mohamedans likewise, and in his travels he preached his own doctrines respecting the unity and omnipresence of the Supreme Being, endeavouring to reconcile the conflicting creeds of Brahma and Mohamed by enforcing attention to the one point whereon they theoretically agreed. He sought to impress upon his hearers a regard for purity of life, and peace with all men. He boldly condemned the propagation of any form of belief by means of the sword, and thereby excited the hatred of the Mohamedans. "I am sent," he declared, "from heaven to publish unto mankind a book, which shall reduce all the names given unto God to one name, which is God, and he who calls him by any other shall fall into the path of the devil, and have his feet

bound in the chain of wretchedness." Again he said: "Without the practice of true piety, both Hindoos and Moslems are in error, and neither will be acceptable before the throne of God; for the faded tinge of scarlet that has been soiled by water will never return. Reading is useless without obedience to the doctrine taught, for God has said, no man shall be saved except he has performed good works. The Almighty will not ask to what tribe or persuasion he belongs: He will only ask what he has done." High and low, perceiving he was in earnest, listened to him with attention, and he was even permitted to expound his tenets before the emperor Baber. During the progress of his pretended apostolical mission, he was assailed with fierce threats as well as bland temptations; nevertheless he remained immovable. A Rajah offered him all the luxuries of the world if he would abandon his object; but rich meats, splendid clothing, and fair women, were appropriate texts upon which Nanac could enlarge, and he contrasted the purity of his doctrines with the vain, sinful practices of the world, in words of such eloquence and force, that the Rajah himself was converted to the new faith. At another time, when he visited the country of the Yogis-waras, (recluses, who by means of penances were believed to have obtained command over the powers of nature,) all the means they possessed were employed to terrify him from his course. Dire enchantments appeared before him under the terrible shapes of lions, tigers, and snakes; showers of fire fell from heaven, and the stars were torn down from the firmament. He died at Kirtipoor, on the Ravee, and was buried on the banks of that river. The waters of the stream now run over the place of his interment, but Kirtipoor, where he performed many miracles, is resorted to by devotees to this day, and a fragment of his garment is the only tangible memorial of the departed Nanac that his pious followers can exhibit in proof that he once lived. There is, to be sure, a treatise of his writing called *Granth*, (meaning the Book,) but that is consulted as little as may be, for the doctrines it teaches differ to an uncomfortable extent from the present practices of the Seiks, the name adopted by the followers of Nanac, derived from a Sanscrit word, signifying disciple. Though a great part of Asia was visited by Nanac, his system seems only to have taken lasting root in the district where he was born. Whilst he lived he was looked upon as spiritual head of his sect, and he was followed by nine persons who successively assumed the name of *Gooroo* (that is, spiritual instructor), all of whom supported their position by affecting superior sanctity, and performing pretended miracles. Several of these leaders made additions to, or modified, the established creed, and there are in consequence many sects in the Seik church. We need not trace the history of the Gooroos, or of the alterations they introduced; but it is proper to mention that the most important of these alterations was made by Govind, the tenth Gooroo, who repudiated the quietism of Nanac, and put a sword into the hands of his adherents, changing their name from Seik to *Singh*, or lion. In order to distinguish his followers from their neighbours, he commanded them to allow their hair and beard to grow, and to attire themselves in blue garments. To swell their number he abolished the invidious distinction of caste, permitting all classes to enrol themselves

Seiks who chose to abandon their previous belief. The eating of flesh, except that of kine, was no longer forbidden, and hence pork, which is an abomination to the Mohamedans, is freely consumed by the Seiks. Govind wrote another *Granth*, which does not exclusively relate to religious subjects, for there are in it many narrations of its author's warlike achievements, and he traces the descent of his own tribe and the progress of his own life.

The religion founded by Nanac professed to combine the leading axioms and excellent points both of the institutes of Hindooism, and the laws of Mohamed. Yet we may perceive even in the beginning, that its leaning was towards the ancient faith of Hindostan, and the corruptions that in progress of time crept in were strongly tinged by the superstitions which surrounded the antique gods. Thus the cow, which is an object of reverence wherever the religion of Brahma and his fellow deities prevails, is worshipped by the Seiks. The great body of Hindoo mythological fiction is adopted, the efficacy of penance is insisted on, the holy books of Brahminism are consulted, the great festivals of the Hindoos observed, and their sacred shrines attended. This sympathy with the Hindoos was partly the cause, and partly the effect, of the persecutions the Seiks had to endure from the Mohamedans, persecutions which, in the end, rendered necessary some kind of defensive organization. The result of Govind's rule was to convert the whole body of his followers into a tribe of armed warriors. The struggles they made for mere existence tested their strength, and showed the weakness of their adversaries, so that, after a time, they found themselves in a position to take possession of the Punjab country. But to give a clear explanation of the history of the Seiks, it will be necessary to go back a little, and state the circumstances of the surrounding countries.

The Mogul empire, founded by Baber, attained to the zenith of its prosperity under Aurungzebe. At that monarch's death, which took place in 1707, a series of princes sat in the *musnud* who were incapable of withstanding attacks from without, or of resisting treason within the limits of their vast dominions. In the short space of thirteen years after Aurungzebe had been gathered to his fathers, four different kings ruled northern Hindostan, and then Mohamed Shah was proclaimed supreme head. He was a pusillanimous monarch, given up to sensual pleasures, and destitute of any skill in the art of governing. Ever ready to purchase peace, he found that the money expended in this base purpose drained his coffers, without ensuring the quiet he sought. One-fourth of his revenues had been alienated in this way when Nadir Shah made his appearance, and inflicted a blow from which the empire never recovered. Nadir was a soldier of fortune, who had raised himself from a subordinate situation to the throne of Persia. His father was the chief of the tribe of the Giljees, seated in that part of Afghanistan which is close adjoining upon the Punjab. Afghanistan at that period belonged to Persia. After having given incontestable proofs of his valour, his services were engaged by the Persian monarch, and, when the Afghan tribes arose in rebellion and audaciously entered the Shah's kingdom, he was employed against them and expelled them with great slaughter. Troubles in other quarters threatened

the very being of the Persian kingdom, which the Shah, an effeminate person, was unable to ward off, and had not Nadir given his whole strength to its support, the throne would have tottered into the dust. Nadir had the policy to conceal his ambitious views for a time, but a convenient opportunity occurring, he procured himself to be elected king. This event did not stop him from indulging his bent for war, and, immediately after his coronation, he marched against the rebellious Afghans, whom he reduced to obedience. Whilst still in Afghanistan, reports of the weakness and the wealth of the Delhi monarch reached him, nor was he long before he found a pretence for indulging his love of conquest by an attack upon the country south of the Indus. Some Afghans had fled for protection into the Mogul empire, and Nadir demanded that they should be given up to him. No attention was paid by the proud Mogul to the demand, and Nadir at once determined to march his troops into his country. A battle was fought, in which the Indian troops were irretrievably routed, and Mahomed Shah voluntarily threw himself upon the mercy of the conqueror. They proceeded together to Delhi, Nadir ostensibly as the guest of Mahomed; and the sums claimed by the Persians were only under the name of indemnification for the expenses of the war. The inhabitants of Delhi were in the depths of despair at the enormous amount of the levies, and a false report of Nadir's death having been circulated, they rose in arms and attacked the Persian soldiers. No explanation would satisfy Nadir; he saw at a glance his precarious situation, and in order to strike such a terror as would paralyze them for the future, he ordered a general massacre, in which, though it continued only from sunrise till noon, an immense number of persons was slaughtered. The plunder that Nadir extorted was enormous, and when he returned to Persia it is calculated that he carried with him somewhere between thirty and seventy millions sterling. Nadir afterwards exhibited such cruelty in his own kingdom, that madness alone can account for his conduct, and his death became a matter of absolute necessity. Ahmed Khan, one of Nadir's officers, and chief of an Afghan tribe, took advantage of the crisis to found the kingdom of Afghanistan, by making himself master of Kandahar, and assuming the title of king. Like Nadir, Ahmed perceived that the best method of keeping his title unquestioned, was to employ his people in predatory wars, and his first impulse was to march upon Delhi; for the recollection of the impotence of the Mogul had not faded from his memory, since he had visited that capital in the train of the late Shah. He was, however, so vigorously opposed by the viceroy of the Punjab, that he determined upon a retreat, reserving the full force of his attack for a more convenient season. Ahmed's next invasion (1751) was attended with greater success. The viceroy sustained a defeat near his capital, and tendered his submission. Ahmed continued his government, however, but it was as his own viceroy. During the troubles that besieged the unfortunate Punjab, the Seiks had rendered themselves a formidable body; and although measures were taken to suppress them, they increased in numbers and strength. Ahmed had no longer much to fear from the Mogul emperor, but the Mahrattas now made their appearance, and the viceroy fled at their approach.

Ahmed took the field in person, and the great battle of Paniput was fought in 1761, in which the new invaders were utterly routed. After this "wild Mahratta battle," the Seiks securing themselves in several strongholds began to make head against the Afghans, and although they were repeatedly punished, they succeeded at last in establishing themselves masters of the Punjaub.

The relation of the Seiks to each other seems, at this time, to be as nearly that of the feudal warriors of Europe as we can well conceive. The chiefs were numerous, and they acknowledged no supreme head, but were linked together for mutual benefit. A chain of mutual dependence bound together the subordinate officers with those above them, and the ties of kinship and clanship had as much to do in keeping the bodies united, as the hopes of reward. In fact, the members of the Seik association considered themselves partners in their enterprises, but it was necessary, to ensure success, that some should lead and some should follow. The chiefs, of whom there were twelve, took the name of Misuls, and of these Chooroot Singh was amongst the most powerful. Of course, in such a state of society, there were many temptations and opportunities for an enterprising warrior to distinguish himself. It is true that a sort of council was constituted called Gooroo Matta, by which a federative form was nominally given to the Seik commonwealth, but intrigues prevailed to such an extent amongst the Misuls, that it was virtually inoperative. Maha Singh, Chooroot's son, was of a bold, energetic disposition, and the bravery he exhibited on divers occasions attached several independent Sirdars to him, and ingratiated him so much with the people that none of his fellow chiefs could rival his influence. Having thus obtained the ascendancy, he was wise enough to use his power for the good of his country; and it is said that a period of repose and tranquillity was the consequence, to which the Punjaub had long been a stranger. Maha Singh died at the age of twenty-seven, and his only son, Runjeet, was but twelve years old when his father's early death took place. At that age it was not to be expected that he would have either capacity in himself, or the permission of his elders, to undertake the management of affairs; but when he arrived at the termination of his sixteenth year, he dissolved the body that had governed during his minority, and assumed his father's seat. In the meantime Shah Zemaun, who was then chief of the Afghanistan country, had crossed the Indus, and invaded the Punjaub. He repeated his attack soon after Runjeet had taken upon himself the conduct of affairs, but, as he found he could not permanently occupy the country, he retreated once more. Runjeet rendered the Shah some services, and he solicited, in return, a grant of Lahore, which he readily obtained. From the time of his taking possession of that city, Runjeet may be considered as having founded the kingdom, to which he was continually adding for some years. We reserve, however, an account of his proceedings to another paper.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SCHILLER.

(Continued from page 21.)

HISTORY, next to poetry, was Schiller's favourite employment; and he now occupied himself in an eminently congenial work, and that on which his reputation, as a prose writer, is chiefly founded;—*The History of the Thirty Years' War*. This work appeared in Göschen's Historical Almanack. This passage of history, from its poetical character, had always a peculiar charm for Schiller; and various were his poetical projects in connexion with it. They resulted at length in the noblest productions of his pen, the two tragedies on the subject of Wallenstein. It is remarkable that, during this latter task, he had much less confidence in his poetic powers, criticized his former writings with severity, and acknowledged that he had become a new man in poetry. The truth was, his taste had grown severer, and his judgment riper, and his mind had been disciplined by the study of the ancients; in particular of Aristotle, whom he had found to differ far from the French theories ascribed to him. Schiller's genius was never more vigorous or brilliant, but it was now under guidance and command. The "Wallenstein" occupied seven years. During this period, the French Revolution was approaching its bloody crisis. Schiller gave the most unquestionable proof of his hostility to its barbarous principles by projecting an address to the French people in favour of their monarch, monarchy, order, and religion; a project which was not executed only because he could meet with no person who would undertake to translate his intended work into French. In 1793, the poet revisited the scenes and companions of his youth, having previously ascertained that the Duke of Württemberg would not interfere with his residence at Stuttgart. His meeting with his parents was productive of great joy and thankfulness to all parties.

On his return to Jena, Schiller conceived a new literary project. He had formed an intimacy with William von Humboldt, (brother of the celebrated traveller,) who was then at Jena, and in concert with him, and his more distinguished friend Goethe, he started a periodical called "Die Horen," to which the most eminent literary men of Germany contributed. This was a fertile period with our poet, who contributed largely to this work, and to "The Almanack of the Muses," while he continued to labour energetically at "Wallenstein." This period also produced the "Xenien," a collection of varied epigrams, which have widely influenced the literature of Germany; and the ballads, which are some of the most attractive of Schiller's writings, were the result of a friendly rivalry with Goethe about this time. "Wallenstein" saw the light in 1797. Two portions of this magnificent work are well known to English readers, in the no less magnificent translation of Coleridge. It consists of three parts; the first called "Wallenstein's Camp," introductory, which Coleridge has not rendered, as it adds nothing to the dramatic interest. It is not, however, without its uses; as depicting the licence and turbulence of Wallenstein's soldiery, and inspiring the reader with a high idea of the commanding intellect and military tact which restrained so many thousands of lawless and discordant spirits, not only in subordination, but attachment. It has, moreover, somewhat the same relation to the following parts that the Satyrical Drama had to Tragedy among the Greeks. The other divisions of the poem are intitled "The Piccolomini," and "The Death of Wallenstein." The towering ambition, and all-mastering genius of the hero—the cold steady loyalty of Octavio Piccolomini, which all that genius is powerless to touch—the high, confiding, devoted spirit of his son, who will